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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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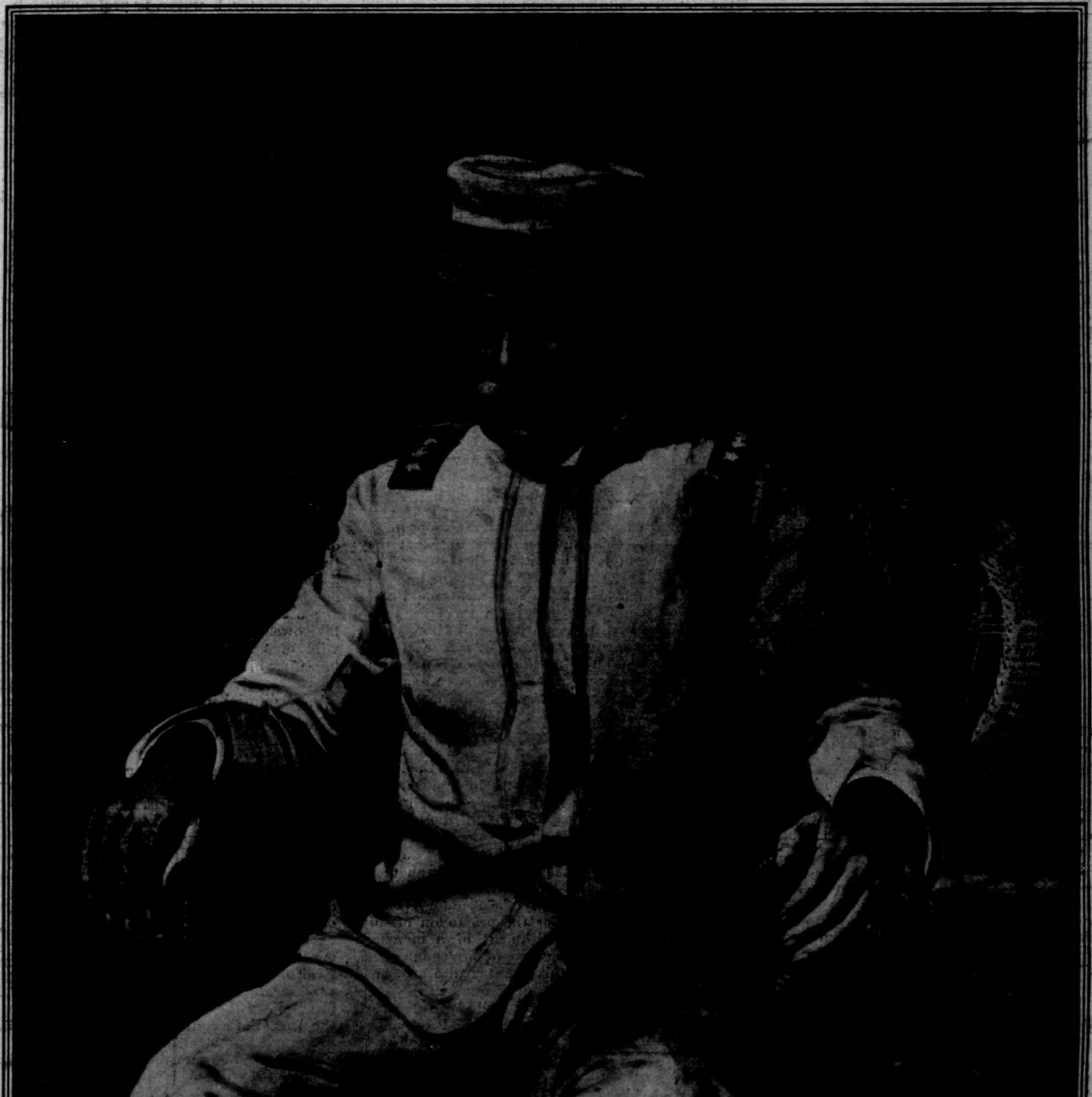

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA," MANILA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 11, 1899

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The Problem of Expansion

NO one doubts as to the immediate duty of the government in Manila. Legally the Philippines will belong to the United States when Spain ratifies the treaty of peace. At present we are in military possession of whatever we have captured, and we will maintain our possession by force of arms. Theoretically **Aguinaldo** and his insurgents will be subjects of Spain until the treaty is ratified and becomes a complete agreement between the United States and Spain, because neither their government nor their belligerency has been recognized by any power. Actually they are insurgents against Spain, or against this country, or any power which may try to govern them. We have conquered Spain, and have driven her out of the islands; but we have not conquered the insurgents, who have set up what they call a government, and who say that they would have themselves destroyed Spanish rule in the islands if we had not intervened. We hold Manila and its suburbs by dint of daily fighting and bloodshed. We also hold the part of the island of Panay included in Ilo Ilo and its suburbs. The question is as to our future course, after the insurrection is put down, or after **Aguinaldo** and his followers are brought to reason; for, as we said at the outset, there is no question as to the immediate duty of the government. Good men and women may pray from now until the crack of doom that we may hold out the olive branch and retire, but their prayers will be of no avail. The Americans are obstinate and persistent in war, and have never yet been known to give up. Their patience in strife is proverbial. It may be taken for granted that at least a temporary peace must be made to prevail before a future can be discussed in which is involved the proposition that the United States shall turn over the islands to their own people. As for permanent peace, that is probably impossible so long as we continue our apparent claim to govern the islands against the wishes of the people. Ten millions of savages, scattered over more than a thousand islands—savages who have never actually known a foreign ruler—can maintain war indefinitely. Moreover, so long as we claim the legal sovereignty over the islands we shall be responsible for their international misdeeds, chief among which is piracy, according to Senator **Sewell** of New Jersey, who knows the islands, and according to all other competent witnesses. Still, a temporary peace may be conquered from **Aguinaldo**, and it must be brought about before the American people get over their fighting mood and recover their usual calm common-sense, which takes account both of the moral aspects of questions and of relative values. Therefore the government must exercise all its force, to the end that we may reason together on the subject of the Philippines with some prospect of reaching a wise conclusion. In passing on, it is interesting to note that Congress has "risen to its duty" in respect of this feature of our new imperialism by refusing to grant to the President an adequate military force, and by disorganizing that which it has granted.

When a temporary peace with **Aguinaldo** has been conquered, and when Spain has ratified the treaty of peace, the country will then be face to face with a question big with omen of its future, and which will be answered wisely or foolishly, according as the nation comprehends the reason why we are in the position of being obliged to meet it. The time for discussing the right or wrong of being in the Philippines is past, although we fully agree with Senator **Sewell** that it would have been better for the country if **Dewey** had sailed away as soon as he had destroyed Spanish naval power in the Pacific. But we are there, and we must decide upon the future. Why are we in the Philippines, and why do the administration and its immediate friends intend that we shall remain there? We are quite aware that we shall be told that the administration has made no declaration of purpose to keep hold of the Philippines. It is true that no specific declaration has been made, but we are confident that we do Mr. **McKinley** and his advisers no injustice when we assert that it is their purpose to hold on to the Philippines. The evidence of such a purpose is manifold; but one example is sufficient. The vote of Senator **McEnery** for the treaty of peace, so called, is said to have been procured by the promise to pass the **McEnery** resolution, which means absolutely nothing, while the **Bacon** resolution, which any one whose mind was even open on the subject of subsequent annexation might have favored, was voted down by the administration forces in the Senate.

We are in the Philippines now, and it is the intention of the administration to remain there purely and solely for purposes of gain. A preacher in this city, whose habit is to heap insult upon those who differ from him on this subject by calling them opprobrious names, thinks that we are in the islands because some divine wind has blown us there. Other preachers and a number of good people agree with him. Mr. **McKinley** calls it destiny. This fustian and bombast indicate the hollowness of the pretension. Neither the preacher nor Mr. **McKinley** can suggest a reason for our being in the islands, so they simply vapor. They have no arguments which can be addressed to rational minds, so they content themselves with charging the responsibility upon Providence, with whose intentions they are apparently familiar, but of whose reasons they have been kept in ignorance—at least they have none to impart. However, they have succeeded in befogging a good many minds, and they are content—for the moment. Destiny, however, is largely in our own hands, and it is with a nation as with an individual—he who takes an important step in life without a solid reason for it, but on the ground that destiny is impelling him, is a fool likely to come to grief. There is a solid reason in the minds of the chief annexationists for what they hope to accomplish, but it is a bad one. They are after vulgar gain. That is the sum and substance of their purpose. They want the Philippines for the money there is in them for themselves and their friends. It is openly charged that every step in our war with Spain was tainted by commercialism, and that the friends of the President compose a syndicate which is employed in capitalizing and "financing" patriotism. At all events, it is clear why the Philippines are wanted. It is not for themselves, because these commercial statesmen are not altogether foolish, and they know, as well as more patriotic men, that the Philippines, with their guerillas and the foreign wars they will promote, will not furnish trade enough to this country to begin to pay the cost of their government and defence. The Philippines are wanted to increase the amount of political patronage; to swell the revenues of the government by augmenting its expenditures; to afford new excuses for subsidy-grabbing, especially for Senator **Hanna**'s scheme to levy taxes for the promotion of shipbuilding and the establishment of a merchant marine; to increase the area of protection; and, finally, to transform this country into an armed competitor for the trade of China. This is the dream of the expansionists, and for fully realizing it imperialism is essential. It is an impossible dream to a republic; it is doubtful if its realization be within the power of such a democracy as Great Britain.

When the time shall come for deciding this momentous question, the country must determine not only whether it is worth its while to incur the burdens and woes of expansion in Asia, but whether it is worth while also, in order that speculation may flourish, and that favored men may enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow-citizens, to turn our backs upon the ideals of the republic. There is no question of extending civilization or Christianity involved. The history of the tropics under white rule is our answer to the ecstatic traducers of patriots who wish to preserve the institutions of their country. Civilization and Christianity are not advanced by contact of white troops and politicians with black men and brown men. The only question is, shall we, for sordid gain, take our place among the war powers; shall we abandon the institutions and the principles which have made us what we are, and which, through our influence, have benefited mankind? We have not spoken of the practical difficulties in the way of governing distant islands. We have assumed that eventually Congress would rise to the occasion, and, for this purpose, establish here a strong government instead of the present republic. But are we prepared to assume the burdens, to make the changes, to give up the principle that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, in order that protected and subsidized syndicates may prosper?

CROKER is making war on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad. Some people say that he and his accomplices of Tammany Hall are "short" of Manhattan stock. Others say that the movement is a bold, frank strike for blackmail; and others still that it is a strike in behalf of **Croker**'s Auto-Truck Company, which wishes to use the elevated structure to carry its pipes. The whole country, however, is profoundly interested in quite another feature of the episode. Here is a private citizen, who probably could not be elected to any office, on account of his bad reputation, who is able to use the power of the municipal government as he sees fit for the advancement of his personal ends. No potentate in the civilized world has such power as this man possesses. He may revenge himself on those whom he hates—and he hates impartially all good citizens—by increasing their taxes (see the assessment rolls of the last year); by erecting nuisances in their neighborhoods; by permitting the streets in front of their dwellings and stores to go uncleaned or unrepaired; by interfering unduly with their business; by promoting the interests of their rivals; by subjecting them to police annoyance, or depriving them of police protection. He may make it worth the while of the trouble-dreading financiers who are at the head of institutions of trust to buy of him the rights and privileges which are theirs under the law.

This is the outcome of boss rule in this city, and the like manifestation of it may occur in almost any other city, large or small, in the Union. This is the flower and fruit of our system of municipal government, or of the easy-going neglect of their plain duties by citizens of our municipalities. Our merchants and corporations have been so much more willing to buy their rights than to fight for them that the business of being "boss" has become one of the most profitable occupations of modern times. But it is humiliating to free citizens, who have too much self-respect to join in the trading and bartering, to feel that this vulgar person of the Democratic Club has their fortunes as much in his power as if he and they were dwellers in the wilds of Africa, where he had gained kingship by knocking his predecessor on the head with a club.

AN editorial in a recent issue of the *Temps* is worthy of the careful consideration of those who are inclined to deride as utopian the peace conference called by the Tsar. The *Temps* says: "One ought not to cry Utopia too hastily. The Utopias of yesterday often become the blessings of to-morrow. If the past is hostile to the thought of the Tsar, the future is certainly in its favor." Then we are told how the world is working towards universal peace. "The desire of the people," says the *Temps*, "social progress, the relations always growing closer between the different parts of the human race, the progressive consciousness of a universal solidarity, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, . . . and even the most murderous discoveries, which, rendering war more frightful, render it also morally more improbable—everything in the life of the modern world conspires with the intention of the Emperor of Russia, and justifies the project of a conference for studying, if not for solving, the problem." These are true words, and we have a fancy that they express the tired sentiments of burdened Europe. On the day before the publication of the article from which we quote, M. **Vaillant**, a socialist Deputy, had introduced a series of resolutions, and the Chamber had adopted one of them—that in favor of international arbitration; a principle upon which the United States Senate has practically turned its back, in putting aside the proposed treaty of arbitration with Great Britain. The conference will meet at the Hague, and although the time has not yet been determined, it is thought that the representatives of the different powers will come together in May. Our own representative has not yet been appointed, but there is no reasonable doubt that the President will name one who will be in sympathy with the Tsar's purpose. Our own situation suggests the advisability of universal disarmament, for apparently Congress has no intention of permitting the country ever to be sufficiently armed for the purposes of a war with a first-class power.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE has been no sunshine in New York this last fortnight which has not been dimmed by the shadow of Rudyard Kipling fighting hard for life in a room in the Grenoble Hotel. The interest and anxiety on his account have been so widespread and lively that the very persons who felt them have in some cases felt called upon to explain, almost to excuse, their own uneasiness. The truth is that one hardly knows where to look for a life which seems so valuable to so many people as Rudyard Kipling's. The English-speaking world is a pretty big world nowadays, and in the last decade a remarkably large proportion of the folks who compose it have found sure entertainment and something more in reading what Kipling has written. If a great statesman dies, it may in the end affect the lives of an immense number of people, but usually they don't realize it at the time, for some one takes up the statesman's work and seems to go on with it, and affairs proceed very much as before. So it is as to men in most other callings; but when the world loses one of the very few writers who win something like universal attention, the loss comes home at once to every reader to whom that writer ministered. The work in that case is not taken up. It stops short. Great writers are scarce in the English-speaking world just now. Kipling is counted by the majority of readers to be the likeliest of all our scribes. What he has done no one else could do; but we feel that he has not done nearly enough, and we want him to go on and hoe his row out to the end. We have looked upon his talent as part of our own capital. We have counted on the fulfilment of all the promise there is in him, and the fear of losing him has been a fear of losing something that we had come to look upon as our own.

He has given us a mighty bad scare, and it has been very long drawn out. At this writing hope, which had sunk very low, has risen again, and there begins to be a prospect that our visitor may soon feel able to deprecate the extraordinary fuss that was made about him when he was too sick to know it or to care.

THERE are advanced people in North Dakota, and they must be fully represented in the State Legislature. It was reported ten days ago that the North Dakota Senate had passed a bill which provides that applicants for marriage licenses in that State shall be examined as to their health, and that licenses shall be denied to persons who shall be found to be suffering from various diseases, including dipsomania, hereditary insanity, and tuberculosis. The responsibility of passing upon applicants would rest upon a committee of three physicians in each county, appointed by a judge. It will be generally conceded that dipsomaniacs and persons of unsound mind ought not to marry, and it is certainly to the interest of the public that matrimonial intentions in such persons should be restrained. Doubtless, also, it would be better for all hands that folks who have developed tuberculosis should not marry, but to deny marriage licenses to such persons would be an unprecedented step, which would be open to strong opposition on the ground that it would be an unwarrantable restraint of personal liberty and too arbitrary a hinderance to the pursuit of happiness. As a bill to make talk, however, the North Dakota measure is a success.

A MEASURE adopted by the President and fellows of Harvard University, on February 13, provides that all persons who have served at Harvard as professors or assistant professors for twenty years, and are over sixty years old, shall receive, after retirement, one-third of their last salary for twenty years of service, and one-sixth of their last salary for each additional year of service, provided that the retiring allowance shall in no case exceed two-thirds of their last salary. To meet the expenditures thus authorized, Harvard will have at the end of this year the income of a special fund of $340,000, which can doubtless be supplemented from other university moneys.

A similar provision has been in operation at Yale since 1897, and since 1890 it has been a rule at Columbia that any professor who has served the university for fifteen years, and is sixty-five years old, may retire at his own request on half-pay. At Yale, professors may retire on a pension after twenty-five years of continuous service.

THE writer of the letter about the Philippines and Filipinos, which was published in the Weekly last week, had a wider and more varied experience of life in the Philippines than was fully indicated by the scant introductory lines which were prefaced to his discourse. During the years from 1866 to 1883, which he spent in the Far East, he lived four years in Manila, two years in Albay, four in Cebu, and seven in Ilo Ilo, and travelled about a good deal besides. He had a good chance, therefore, to study the Philippine Islands as they were from fifteen to thirty years ago, and his conviction that they are not desirable possessions or dependencies for the United States has a much more substantial basis of knowledge than most views on that subject now current. Archibald Colquhoun says in his *China in Transformation*, "The Chinese ideas of things European are inaccurate, but not quite so inaccurate as ours of matters Chinese." So it seems to be with the Filipinos. Their knowledge of us seems deplorably limited until we compare it with our knowledge of them. "G. A.'s" knowledge of them is exceptional.

There is much significance in his testimony that the most strenuous and capable folks in the Philippines are those mestizos who are part Chinese. The product of the blending of European and Malay blood, as it seemed to him, has intelligence, but lacks energy; whereas the mixture of the two Oriental strains gives a result which is strong, both physically and intellectually. After all, the intentions of nature as to who shall ultimately possess and rule any given country are apt to be carried out. As long as the Anglo-Saxons continue to be destitute of gills, the fishes are likely to keep elbow room in the sea; and as long as the Anglo-Saxons have temperate-zone livers, the tropical and Oriental folks will have to be considered in the management and distribution of the tropics.

THE four bound volumes of Harper's Weekly which contain the record of the civil war are still treasured in households and libraries all over the country. The bound volume of the Weekly for 1898 (ready last week) is of analogous interest and value as containing the full contemporary record, pictorial and literary, of the war with Spain. The story of that war will doubtless be better told by a future historian than the Weekly has told it. Doubtless Mr. Lodge's account of it now running in Harper's Magazine is better as literature than the story as it came out in the Weekly, with picture and text gathered from day to day. There is, however, a flavor and a value about such a record of a war as the Weekly has given which no later history can quite duplicate. To read of great events as they impressed the immediate observer is one thing; to read of them as they impress the historian is another. Both are good things; both desirable.

A BOSTON newspaper of recent date says, on what seems to be good authority, "It is apparent that some of the stockholders in the Keely Motor Company are getting anxious."

It is extremely creditable to the staying powers of the Keely stockholders that any of them should still be capable of anxiety about the Keely machine. They certainly are not quitters. Keely is dead, and his poor old impostures have been discovered and exposed, yet the stockholders are still anxious. If they are waiting to hear from Moses and the prophets they will be disappointed. If there is not evidence enough on earth for them of Keely's futility as a mechanician, it might pay them to ring up the spirit of their departed chief through Mrs. Piper, and try to induce him to confess. There would, to be sure, be a chance of error in such a procedure, but even a bogus spirit would make a good enough Keely to admit the worthlessness of the bogus motor.

THE correspondent of the London *Times* in Cuba has been saying extraordinary things of Mr. Charles W. Gould, of New York, whom the President sent to Cuba as a special representative of the Department of Justice in the Cuban Military Commission. Mr. Gould's special work was with Cuban law, to inspect and digest it, and see that it was in working order. It has been known that he did his job exceedingly well, and much more too, and when he came home a few weeks ago his friends welcomed him and congratulated him on having been the right man in the right place. The *Times* correspondent has far more to say of him than that. He points to him as the man who has done much more than any one else to make the Cubans trust the American people, and to dissipate the sullen hostility with which for a time they regarded our government. He says Mr. Gould is trusted, beloved, and respected from one end of Cuba to the other, and that the Cubans, looking upon him as the synonym of what Uncle Sam's policy really is, bear with the more patience such military orders as distress them. "I fully believe," says this writer, "that if Mr. Gould were to be appointed Governor-General of Cuba to-morrow, he could successfully administer the affairs of Cuba without the assistance of any armed force from the United States to aid him."

IT is decided that a statue of Frances Willard shall be added to the marble congregation in "Statuary Hall" in the Capitol at Washington. Congress has not been asked to admit Miss Willard's effigy to the Capitol. That is not necessary. The whole matter has been decided by the State of Illinois, which is entitled, as is each of the other States, to have two live statesmen in the Senate Chamber and two marble statesmen in the Old House of Representatives. Illinois has chosen Miss Willard as one of her two marble representatives, and has appropriated $9000 to have her duly sculped.

How the present occupants of the Old House will feel towards Miss Willard's statue must be left to surmise. It may depend somewhat on what sort of a marble figure she makes, and that will depend of course upon who the maker is. If the statue is worthy of the moral side of its original, it will be an ornament to the famous roof that is to shelter it, and the distinguished company it is to enter. The only petticoat that the hall harbors now is worn by Père Marquette of Michigan, and that, when it was new, made a considerable stir in the Capitol and the country. But the flutter over that skirt availed nothing, and if there should be a flutter over Miss Willard's statue (which is not likely), that will avail nothing, also. The hot time that is coming to the Old House is likely enough to be deferred until the State of Utah decides to send in statues of Brigham Young and Joseph Smith. Then there will be trouble. The voice of the W. C. T. U. will be heard in the land, and—oh! oh! oh! what fervor of remonstrance we shall be treated to! The very thought of it is enough to make the prudent citizen dig himself a cyclone cellar to hide in when the signals for that hurricane go up.

SOME of the visitors to the show of Sargent portraits in Boston came away strongly impressed with Mr. Sargent's great serviceableness as an instrument in the hands of the Almighty for humbling the proud and making the inordinately opulent confess before men the moral degradation which made possible their unseemly gains. There are portraits by him which make you wonder whether the offences of the originals could possibly have been gross enough to warrant such exposure. These portraits, too, are apt to be the most interesting examples of his work. For the moralist they have a very great fascination. He regards them with rapture and awe, exclaiming in his mind at the mysterious ways of Providence that bring it about that, in an age when the pillory and the stocks have fallen into disuse, men may all their lives elude the public prosecutor, only to sit at last in Sargent's studio, and pay him a great price to flay them for public exhibition. The New York Society for the Prevention of Crime ought to induce Mr. Sargent to come to this town and paint a galleryful of portraits of leading municipal statesmen and financiers. Any intelligent reader could nominate a score of sitters for him, every one of whom could amply afford his distinguished attention, and each of whom would be conspicuously worthy of his comminatory brush.

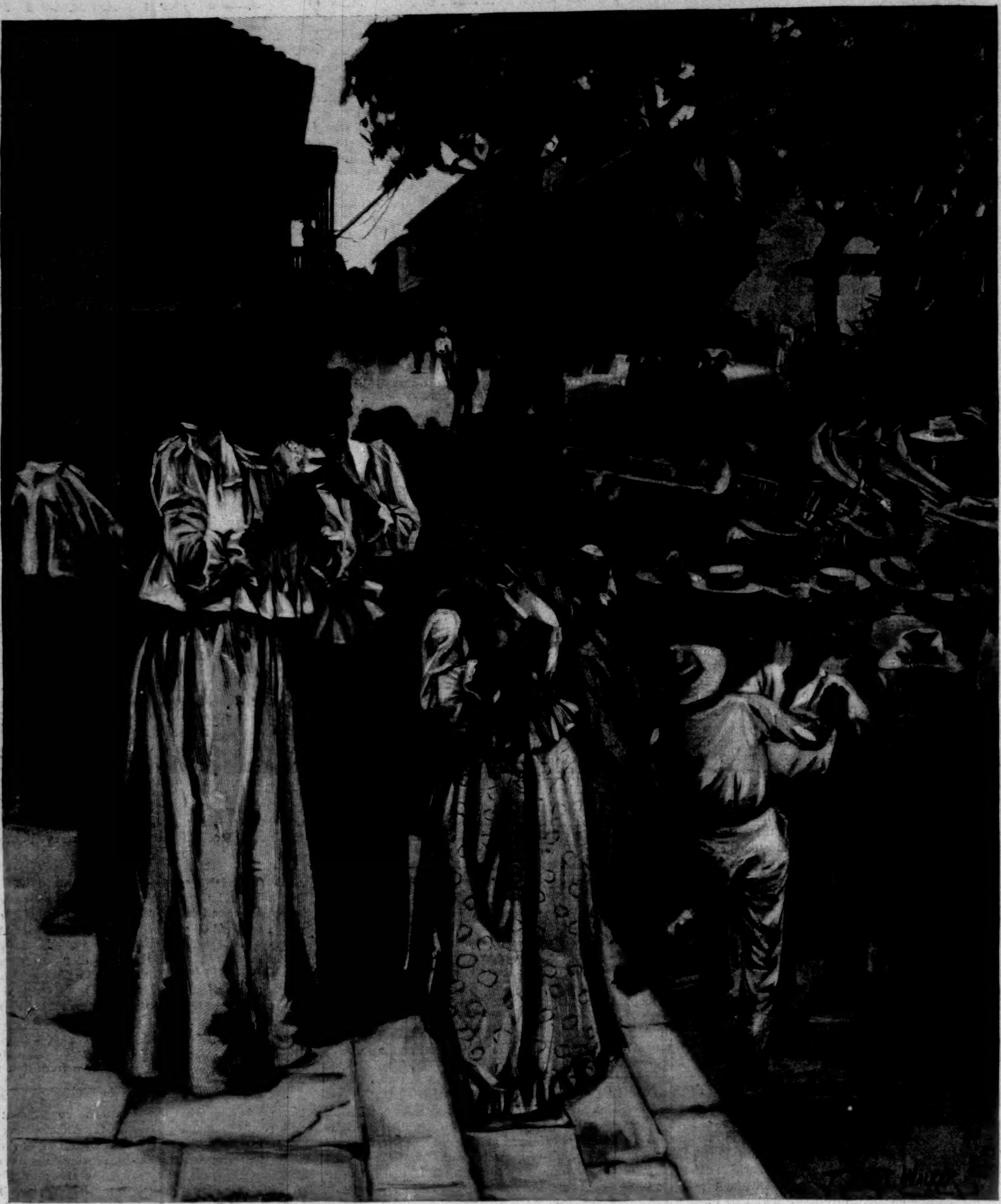
DURING the month of January the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor spent $4500 in its work. Of this nearly $3500 went for coal and food, and $735 for rent and transportation. The society's visitors made 6093 visits to the poor, and received 2064 applicants for relief. The demands upon the association have been very heavy this winter. It needs funds. Checks for it should be made payable to R. S. Minturn, treasurer, and sent to 105 East Twenty-second Street. Contributions of clothing are much needed also, and may be sent to the same address.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR of Vassar, in declining the invitation of the Brown trustees to move to Providence, intimates as gently as he can that the change offered him does not seem to him to contain the elements of promotion. He is quoted as saying that, so far as he can see, he would be no more useful at Brown than at Vassar, while the attractions of Vassar are quite as potent with him as those of Brown. He has paid Vassar a compliment, but there is nothing surprising about his decision. "Ladies first" is a good general rule, and in this case there was no obvious warrant for disregarding it.

COMMANDER TODD of the gunboat *Wilmington*, now or lately cruising in Venezuelan waters, has been assigned a job that ought to be almost as interesting as fighting. He has been directed to go up the Amazon as far as the *Wilmington* can go, and take notice of what he finds there. It is said that no United States vessel has ever navigated the Amazon above Mananos, which is 850 miles upstream. The *Wilmington* draws 8 feet 10 inches, and it is thought that she can go 1000 or 1200 miles farther. The upper Amazon is not absolutely unexplored, but information about the district it traverses and the folks who live along its borders is vague, scarce, and unreliable. Monkeys, orchids, and gay birds come from that region, also bicycle tires and overshoes.

IT may be that what put it into the government's head to send Commander Todd up the Amazon was that it had been reading the report, recently issued, of the Intercontinental Railroad Commission, which has been busy for ten years past in investigating the feasibility and probable cost of a railroad from New York to Buenos Ayres. The distance is about 10,200 miles, of which nearly 5000 is covered by railroads already built. The commission has spent nearly $300,000 in its researches, of which the United States provided $245,000, Brazil $30,000, and the other South-American republics the rest. It first met in Washington in December, 1890, when it organized three survey parties—one under Captain E. Z. Steever to survey south from Mexico; one under Mr William F. Shunk to survey north from Quito; and one under Mr. J. Imbrie Miller to survey south from Quito to Lake Titacaca in Bolivia. The surveys were finished about three years ago. Now the results have been worked out and the report sumptuously published. The verdict is that the road is perfectly feasible, and that the road-bed for the main line, including masonry, grading, and bridges (but not rails), would cost about $175,000,000. The most expensive and difficult section of the proposed line would be in Columbia, Ecuador, and Peru, where the road skirts the Andes for 3600 miles, at an estimated cost of $125,000,000.

YALE wants a statue of Nathan Hale to set up in her campus. He was a Connecticut boy, and a Yale graduate of the class of 1769. It seems odd that his figure in bronze has not adorned the Yale district in New Haven long before this, but perhaps the sight of the notable statue of him in New York's City Hall Park was needed to jog the Yale memory. Beyond question, his sort of patriotism is extraordinarily fit to be brought to the attention of youth.



PUERTO RICO—SUNDOWN ON THE PLAZA AT PONCE.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DART WALKER.

Sunday in Mexico

ANY unfortunate citizen of the United States who, from an unwillingness to work or to take part in the various concerns of life, has acquired a reputation among his neighbors for being trifling, should emigrate at once to Mexico. Life there seems to wear about as serious an aspect as a comic opera, and such a citizen would be looked upon as a worthy addition to the chorus. One of the important things in Mexico is to own a game-cock, and on Sunday morning if you leave him tied by the leg to a convenient awning-post while you attend service in the church, you will excite no comment among your neighbors. In fact, the voice of the priest is often almost drowned by the crowing out on the street. Cock-fighting and bull-fighting, as every one knows, occupy the same relative places in the affections of the Mexican as baseball and football hold in the American heart, and Sunday afternoon is reserved for them.

The policeman in a Mexican town is an official of importance and dignity. His uniform may be dirty and ragged, but he wears a cartridge belt and six-shooter in addition to his club, and is usually seen with a cigarette in his mouth. Five or six of these worthies will drag a poor trembling wretch to the police station with a flourish worthy of the capture of a brigade.

The Mexican wears a hat covered with gold and silver braid, that is usually worth more than all the rest of his and his family's wardrobe; and it is this, together with the gay striped blanket and the swagger of the fellow, that gives him such an air of stage make-up.

It is always dangerous to judge the people of a town by those most in evidence on the street; but if I were called on to set a valuation on the people I saw in some of these Mexican towns, I should be tempted to make my calculation by the dozen or hundred, rather than by the single native. With all their love of finery, neither the men nor women are much given to gay colors. Black and white predominate; but the bright sun makes it all gay and fetching.

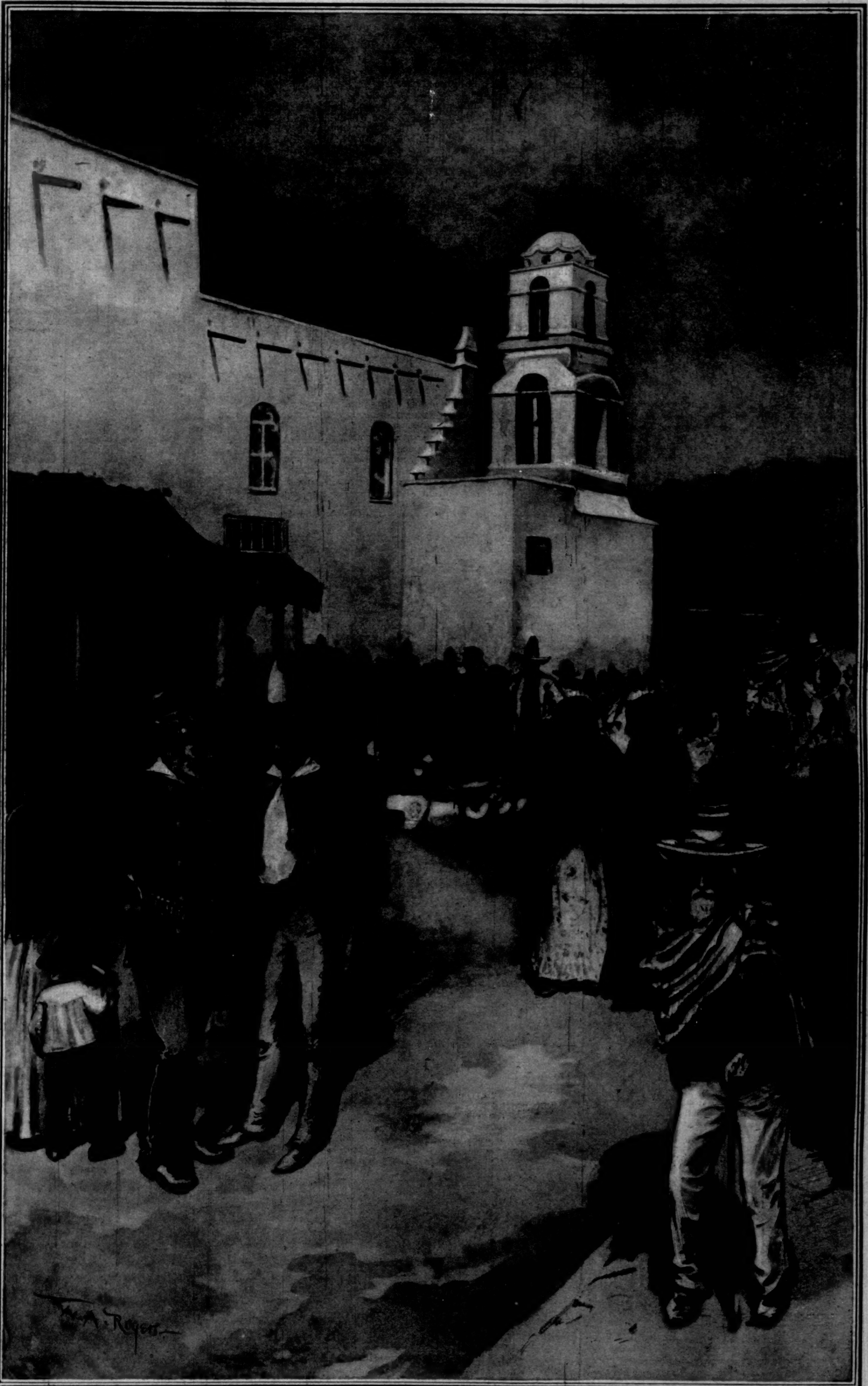
When a Mexican grows old he seems to shrink up until there is little to be seen of him but a big hat, and a scrap of blanket pulled tight over his meagre shoulders. His beard and hair stand out white and distinct from his dark shrivelled face, which looks like that of a mummy in its frame of white. Life in one of these towns is as absolutely different from what one sees in an American village as though it were a bit of Egypt or India. Yet it may be seen at the end of a three days' journey from almost any of the Eastern and Northern States, and is well worth the journey.

W. A. ROGERS.

On the Plaza, Ponce

HOWEVER much some folks may worry and scold about our doings in the Far East, the Philippines, after all, were not the only Spanish islands we got mixed up with, and in Cuba and Puerto Rico there really are redeeming features to our meddling. One such feature has been drawn by Mr. Walker in the picture printed on this page, wherein he shows what is wont to happen of an evening nowadays in the metropolis of Puerto Rico. Just before sunset the band comes out into the Plaza at Ponce, and plays the "Star-spangled Banner" in front of headquarters while the American flag comes down for the night.

The men of Ponce, Mr. Walker says, are thoughtfully polite in their loyalty, and stand bareheaded while the flag makes its descent. Their courtesy finds its recognition when the band goes on and plays popular airs. The particular ecstasy which Mr. Walker has made apparent in his picture is due to the effective work of the trombone in the execution of "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." That was still, at last accounts, the best known American tune at Ponce, and the natives know it and like it, and sing it, American words and all.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN A MEXICAN TOWN.—Drawn from Life by W. A. Rogers.

DRAMA

The Motive of the Returning Child.

MRS. FISKE'S performance of "Magda," which is on at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, has confirmed a growing suspicion that the German original, Sudermann's "Heimat," is a very great work of art. In the discussions the play first called down on us it was assumed that it deals with the problem of paternal authority—a very serious problem in Germany, whether it touches the Kaiser and his imperial family or the household of the humblest burgher. It was also assumed that it deals with the problem of the New Woman, who was then much newer, even in Germany, than she is now. In These United States neither the old father nor the new daughter gives much trouble to the common run of us; and most of us were easily persuaded that, like all unpleasant things that don't concern us, "Magda" was to be avoided. I wish to suggest that this view is very short-sighted. Beneath the transitory details of the play it seems to me there is a motive that is eternal. From the beginning of time children have gone forth from the paternal roof and prospered, and they will do so as long as homes exist in the world. And just so long as they do so, they will feel the impulse to return; and returning, they will find that the new life may not mingle with the old. All the details of the play, to be sure, belong very much to the fleeting end of this century, and may have as little meaning for the Germany of the future as they have for the America of to-day. But do we fail to find interest in Montagues and Capulets because family feuds are no longer in fashion? To Shakspere the main interest in that old story centred about two young lovers, for whom he named the play; and I am comforting myself with the reflection that Sudermann named his play for the idea of home—"Heimat." I am confirmed in my high opinion of the play by the fact that none of the interpretations of the part have seemed wholly satisfactory. There must be something unusual in a play that escapes Bernhardt and Duse—I have not seen Modjeska—and in which Mrs. Fiske's shortcomings are obvious.

***Magda* and Mrs. Fiske.**

To interpret the play fully it is necessary that *Magda* should burst upon her old home with the glamour of the great world about her. Then feeling the subtle strength of the family ties, she should resist it with all the impulses of her nature. Finally she should respond with the same fulness of feeling to the ties of home, until, following her impulse in this new direction as fully as in the old, she promises to marry *von Keller*. And as this change is progressing, with all the intricate and almost unfathomable psychology of the play, there are a thousand shades and blendings of self-will and generosity. Bernhardt entered the dingy provincial living-room with a splendor that made the chromo of the old Kaiser on the wall look pale, and Duse made one feel to the full the subtle and increasing strength of home feeling. As Mrs. Fiske entered the room she was dry and hard; the cigarette after breakfast, which Bernhardt made to appear a bit of bravado with which she was whistling to keep up her courage, Mrs. Fiske almost made an intentional affront; and when she promised to marry *von Keller*, one felt the crude logic of her surrender, if you will, but not its emotional necessity. Her failure to render the power of the home feeling is aptly suggested by a single bit of her business. When the house cat is mentioned, Bernhardt, with a sudden burst of home memories, called it again and again, reaching for it beneath the parlor table. One almost looked for it to come out to her. And then the little sister said: "Poor Lady! She has been dead seven years." It was a slight and homely touch, but it brought up the whole atmosphere of that dormant home as perhaps nothing else could. Mrs. Fiske gave a few nervous calls and snapped her finger at the top of the door. In the emotional passage where Mrs. Fiske speaks of her child, I felt that the expression was overwrought—a thing I had never before felt in her acting.

These are the limitations one found. It remains to be said that in many passages Mrs. Fiske was equally a master. Her expression of love for her sister was poignant in the extreme. The bitterness of her memories of the past could hardly have been better shown, and her scorn of the hypocrite who had ruined her. In spite of strict limitations, the performance was highly intelligent and artistic, and to measure it one needs not only the highest standard of acting, but the broadest conception of the play. It was quite worthy of the actress who created *Tess*, and the crippled heroine of "Love Will Find a Way." It is a pleasure to add that the company was admirable—much better, I thought, than that of either the great French woman or the great Italian.

A Hoop-la Play.

The success of the Hamilton version of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," which Mr. Sothern is presenting at the Knickerbocker under the title of "The King's Muskeeter," is due in the main to the large proportion of Dumas intrigue and adventure which has been thrown into theatric form. The twelve scenes of the play represent about all the important action in the eight hundred pages of the novel. In some cases the incidents have been made more effective theatrically — for instance, that in which the *Cardinal* adroitly surprises the wily *d'Artagnan* with the admission that a secret of the *Queen's* is being concealed; and in all cases the incidents are more vivid and striking for the scenery, costumes, and acting. From the first rise to the last drop the eye witnesses a kaleidoscopic shifting of scene and of action that puts to sleep all other faculties. These are the fundamental delights of the theatre—color and action; and anybody who would deny the legitimacy and force of their appeal would confess his lack of sympathy for the stage. It is a whoop-la play Mr. Sothern has given us, and a bully good one.

Hamlet without the Prince.

There is one notable omission in the action that gives the clew to the defect of the version as a whole. It is the episode of *d'Artagnan's* rescue of his three comrades after his return from his dash into England. We all remember how *d'Artagnan* found *Porthos* stony broke (excuse the French) at the inn at Chantilly, barricaded against the landlord and his bill; how he found *Aramis* at Crèvecœur, deserted of his mistress, and planning a thesis for holy orders; how he found *Athos* at Amiens barricaded in the inn cellar, and living on little sausage and much old wine. The humor of those three chapters has a breadth and onward rush of some cosmic force, and they live in the imagination long after the intricate intrigues of the story have become confused, and the innumerable duels have resolved into an indistinguishable glimmer of sword-thrusts. In such passages the story is so great that its only literary parallel is the greater thing Shakspere created in *Falstaff*. But Mr. Hamilton has neglected the imaginative color, or only faintly implied it. The best advice for any one going to the Knickerbocker is to steep himself beforehand in the red wine of the novel. The worst of this lack of character and atmosphere in the play is that it destroys much of what is properly to be considered the dramatic value of the story. To take a single striking instance, no motive is assigned or assignable for *Milady's* vast hatred of the four musketeers; that she does hate them is obvious enough, but, for anything one is told, she might just as well have begun by loving all four.

D'Artagnan as Mr. Sothern.

The character of *d'Artagnan*, which as Mr. Sothern names the play is the title-rôle, has been very discreetly Englished. In the original the young Gascon is far from being a hero, even according to the moral code of the seventeenth century—to say nothing of that of the elder Dumas. He has the shiftiness of a parvenu; when his curiosity or his ambition is concerned he sticks at nothing. In order to be revenged on *Milady*, who hates him, he betrays her maid, who loves and trusts him; and he wilfully reads love-letters addressed to another. Like him as one must, no illusions are possible. In the English adaptation the Gallic obliquities perforce disappear; but Mr. Sothern has had the good sense to retain as much as he can of the character of the young Bearnais. For example, in the antechamber of the Captain of the Musketeers Mr. Sothern shows the active foot and the seeing eye of a youth from the provinces; and when *d'Artagnan* discovers by accident that *Porthos's* shoulder-belt is so rich in front there is not splendor enough to go round, his rustic curiosity and delight are absolute. For a moment I hoped that Mr. Sothern was developing versatility in acting character — the main thing necessary to the rounding out of his powers. It was only for a moment. Before the play was over, *d'Artagnan* was the dear delightful Mr. Sothern, graceful, fluent, ecstatic, and one would have needed an impossibly hard head and hard heart to wish him otherwise.

The *Athos* of Mr. Roydon Erlynne, whose rendering of the elder brother of the Lady Ursula last autumn gave me so much pleasure, presented the dignity and simplicity of the character in a manner both large and beautiful.

JOHN CORBIN.

D'ARTAGNAN AND THE PATCHED-UP SHOULDER-BAND.
E. H. Sothern as *d'Artagnan* and Norman Conniers as *Porthos*. At the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE AS *MAGDA*.
At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

MUSIC

NEW MUSIC AND MUSIC-WRITERS ABROAD

> Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
> And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
> —YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*.

THE winter abroad has not lacked in musical episodes that may justify Americans in turning their notice from the unbroken chain of incidents at home. In fact, some of the foreign matters in question are of a rightly insistent kind, even if presented in mere record. Naturally the operatic current is the strongest. Many composers have launched on it new ships that promise to make voyages of length and dignity. The register of operatic unseaworthiness and of derelicts, nevertheless, is, as usual, large and pathetic. On them let us be advised by Dante, and murmur our compassionate "non ragionam."

A Classic Reaction.

A few years ago there began to be noticeable a tendency among composers to set to music librettos with Hellenistic and Roman coloring and personages. It was a curious reversion to the very beginnings of opera. It harked back to Peri and Caccini; to the stiff and often arid inspirations that were the mode when Hasse and Handel and Gluck and Mozart were busiest. Trim conquerors warbled about the wings, and Olympus trilled and quavered at the prey of the gods. Now comes, however, a sharp natural reaction from the intensely modern and vulgar atmosphere of such operas as "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Sapho," "A Basso Porto," and so on. After such crude subjects for lyric tragedies, no wonder that musicians of refinement have rushed toward the other extreme and asked us to breathe an atmosphere clear if cold. And really there is nothing else to turn to. After the opera-books of Metastasio and Calzabigi, after the eternal procession long ago of operatic Alexanders and Zenobias and Cyruses and Julius Cæsars, in wigs and stays (insipidly varied by shepherds and nymphs of pastoral libretti), came opera-comedy, half-society romance, history, and even theology, tumbling over each other. To be sure, Berlioz and Cherubini kept the toga and peplum aflaunt; and so have done several French composers of our day. But the draperies of antiquity were hung up by most other composers. Lately hot-blooded Italy has dressed up the harlotry and brutality of her peasants into music. After taking opera-goers into the slums of Naples and Paris, there is admirable aptness of contrast in the idea of infusing life and discreet modern emotionality into the statuesque figures of the ancient world. The German Bungert adds a pompous spectacle to his vast "Ulyssean Trilogy," with shrewd judgment, and so puts a finishing touch that old opera-writers delighted to add.

Carl Goldmark's "Die Kriegsgefangene."

Goldmark, the foremost operatic composer of Germany to-day, in his new opera, "The Prisoner of War" ("Die Kriegsgefangene"), has followed Bungert's lead. Goldmark has gone back for a topic to the story of the great Trojan leaguer. *Briseis*, the beautiful-cheeked captive, is the "prisoner," and the hero is no less than *Achilles*. Stately, well-remembered figures of our school-day studies are all agog in the two long acts; and *Hector's* death and the union of the Swift-footed with *Briseis* in a rapturously passionate duet end the opera. Such a scene and age and *dramatis personæ* are far removed from the composer's "Die Königin von Saba," richly Oriental and Biblical; from "Merlin," with Arthurian legend; from Dickens's idyllic "The Cricket on the Hearth." The author of the new libretto is a Viennese pastor and Hellenist. His opera-book is pretty severely censured in Germany, especially by the distinguished critic Dr. Eduard Hanslick. But it seems to have better stuff in it, on the whole, as drama and poetry, than first and perhaps prejudiced impressions accept. Goldmark's music is yet a subject of rather more acute partisanship. The parliament of reviewers who assembled in Vienna for the early performances has been rather divided in sentiment. But a splendid orchestral and dramatic power in many passages is not denied anywhere, and of its success, immediate and honorable, there can be no question. The chief rôles in "Die Kriegsgefangene" were sung by Mesdames Renard (*Briseis*), Walker (*Thetis*), and by the Messrs. Reichmann (*Achilles*), Hesch (*Priam*), Neidl (*Agamemnon*), and Pacal (*Automedon*)—all regular stand-bys at the Hofoper. (Mr. Reichmann, it seems, can still please the Viennese by the ruins of a once noble voice.) The work was directed by Mahler, whose position in the great Vienna opera seems now more secure and certainly smoother than some months ago. Already fifty-seven German opera-houses, and Covent Garden in England, have secured the rights of "The Prisoner of War." It is, beyond doubt, a genuinely important novelty by the German creator of opera most rich in vitality among his fellow-workers. Goldmark, now an old man, but of undiminished power, is the Verdi of Germany.

Siegfried Wagner's "Der Bärenhäuter."

Another new opera is of Germany. The symphony is dead there, but the lyric drama still is being kept tolerably brisk in health. The mere name of Wagner, like that of Napoleon, is surely one with which the public can be conjured into affectionate interest. Wagner's only son, in spite of his iron determination to develop a musical gift, to school himself into being a conductor, and, hardest of all, to make his mark as a creative musician, has not yet convinced any critics of authority that his artificial processes to those ends have been justified. Wagner declared his son "hopelessly unmusical" in temperament as a little boy, as a youth, and as a young man. The death of the master came. The astonishingly aggressive family policy at Baireuth, that gradually has been perfected to keep its performances in repute outside of Germany, has forced the younger Wagner into a more and more resolute campaign for achieving a personal individuality as a music-maker. As a writer of symphonic music, New York has heard one of his best works, but without even much public complaisance. His only opera thus far in his career as a composer, "Der Bärenhäuter" ("The Man in the Bear-skin"), is the novelty of the Munich and Leipsic seasons. It is not necessary to say that good-will, a most carefully adjusted cast, and rich mounting have graced "Der Bärenhäuter's" publishing. Madame Cosima Wagner herself visited Munich and superintended the scenic rehearsals, and generally expended her most elaborate pains on her son's work, as a stage matter. But the opera does not seem to have won more than a *succès d'estime*, including praise for its mechanical development. It is spoken of as lacking robust and interesting musicality, and as disguising in a complex score much thin and disconnected melodic material. Were Siegfried Wagner not his father's son, he would be blessed; because measured less exactingly. His imitative talent must suffer when such comparisons are inevitable, however kindly. Art is art, not genealogy. The book of "Der Bärenhäuter" is written by the composer. It enlarges on one of Grimm's fairy tales, not unlike "Beauty and the Beast" in its course—which old nursery classic Spohr and other Germans turned into operas of greater or less vogue, all forgotten now.

Mr. Grau at Covent Garden.

Other new operas to be singled out are to be heard soon at one or another important Easter season on the Continent, or in London when Mr. Grau raises the curtain on the Covent Garden scene. That honored but dingy stage, by-the-bye, at last is to be furnished with some parts of the machinery and stock scenery which neither successive managers nor Londoners who go to opera have ever had the satisfaction of finding therein. The pleasant outcome of Mr. Grau's uncertainties as to that house, over which he is now firmly and acceptably the arbiter, seems now settled. The settlement is a compliment to Mr. Grau and to good sense. Mr. Faber's troublesome lease, that intervened between the use of the old operatic-theatre and the desires of the opera syndicate now interested in it, is purchased; and so disappears. Mr. Grau can at last enter into his work with a sense of being responsible only to his aristocratic employers and to himself, that must gratify him. He has arranged for Goldmark's "Die Kriegsfangene," for the brilliant "La Princesse d'Auberge," by Jean Block, the Belgian; for the "Lobetanz," an operatic *ballet d'action*, described as extremely brilliant, by Thuille (also a Belgian composer); and for a revival of Goldmark's "Die Königin von Saba," and for several other revivals of standard scores. His company will be largely identical with that memorable one whose work in New York will be concluded for 1898–9 two weeks from to-day.

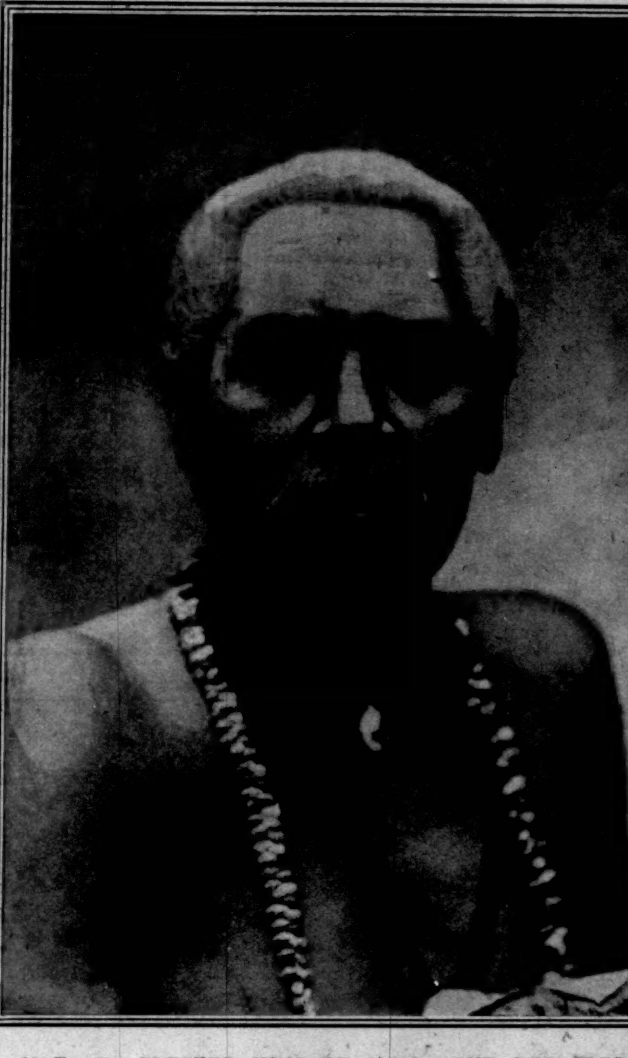
The Hungarian National Opera, Buda-Pesth, 1898-9.

The Buda-Pesth Opera House is not as well known to New-Yorkers as it ought to be. The charming capital of the Kingdom of Hungary—a city likely anon to become the capital of the whole Austro-Hungarian realm—has as brilliant and strong a lyric stage as it has a national dramatic theatre. Erkel was one of its factors toward distinction, and Seidl and Nikisch have been among its conductors. The company and orchestra are usually able. The mounting of the operas is almost as artistic as in Warsaw or St. Petersburg—where are found probably the two stages in Europe most expensively dressed. The splendidly eclectic repertory at the Buda-Pesth establishment, for a few recent weeks, has run thus: "The Bartered Bride" (Smetana), "Der Freischütz" (Weber), "Der Zauberflöte" (Mozart), "La Bohème" (Leoncavallo), "Rigoletto" (Verdi), "Le Roi l'a Dit" (Delibes), "La Juive" (Halévy), "Hänsel und Gretel" (Humperdinck), "Othello" (Verdi), "Fidelio" (Beethoven), "Hamlet" (Thomas), "Il Trovatore" (Verdi), "Enoch Arden" (Raimann), "Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo), "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Goldmark), "Carmen" (Bizet), "Der Evangelimann" (Goldmark), "Hunyádi Lászlo" (Erkel), "Faust" (Gounod), "La Traviata" (Verdi), "Die Lustige Weiber von Windsor" (Nicolai), "Les Huguenots" (Meyerbeer), "Merlin" (Goldmark), "Aïda" (Verdi), "La Poupée de Nuremberg" (Adam), "Die Königin von Saba" (Goldmark), "Meister Roland" (Zichy—a *première*, and successful); "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Die Meistersinger," "Tannhäuser," "Die Walküre," and "Siegfried" (Wagner), besides four of the great spectacular ballets of the German stage. One's only criticism on such a list is that—save for Erkel's name—it is not quite patriotic enough for a national opera-house in a country so rich in national music.

The Oratorio Star in Italy—Don Lorenzo Perosi.

In Italy, no matter what operas are the talk of the land from Taormina to Aosta, the sacred oratorios by a young priest, Don Lorenzo Perosi, afford the overwhelming sensation of the moment. Apparently, too, the sensation is merited. The solemn episodes of the Christian Tragedy appear to have been treated by Perosi with an exceptional musical genius and a profound religious sensibility—albeit the voice is that of a distinctly modern and Latin oratorio-composer. Four works have already passed beyond the pale of Italy. France, Germany, and England are intent on them. Musical reviewers are in active pilgrimage to hear them, especially as directed by Perosi himself. The "Perosi topic," in fact, is now so prevalent, and attention in our own country so fastened on this new musician (in the one field of his art demanding a new and great mind), that a much longer reference to it in this journal will be made presently.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.



MATAAFA, ELECTED KING OF SAMOA, AND DECLARED INELIGIBLE BY CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS.

Mataafa, the Fighting Chief of Samoa

IN the interest naturally taken in America, England, and Germany in the still unsettled troubles in Samoa there is a great chance of our overlooking by far the most interesting and romantic figure in the little drama. This is unquestionably Mataafa, the candidate for the kingship—an excellent portrait of whom we are able to give—who may be looked upon as at once the ablest and most popular native chief of the Samoan group. It may be feared that Mataafa has had the misfortune to come upon the scene of history a little too late. Had he done so a generation sooner, there can be little doubt that he would have been known to Europeans and natives alike as the great chief—or Malietoa—of the islands, without doubt or rival. As it is, he is beyond doubt the most popular chief of the islands among his own people, and the most admired and trusted warrior of his race.

The career of Mataafa has been unusually checkered and romantic. He has been a trusted viceroy of an exiled king. Then he became his avenger, in which character he defeated and practically drove out the usurper Tamasese, who had been supported by German influence against the reigning Malietoa, and incidentally defeated and slaughtered a considerable body of German marines who attempted his capture. He was then elected king by the principal chiefs, but was prepared magnanimously to surrender his position to the original sovereign on his return from exile through the good offices of America and England. So great was the gratitude of the returned exile, however, for Mataafa's services to his people, that he proposed to take the office of vice-king himself, leaving the popular chief to administer the native government. The arrangement would almost certainly have proved the best for all parties, for Mataafa was personally liked by nearly all the European and American residents, as well as respected by the native Samoans; but Germany was, perhaps naturally, opposed to the idea of the triumph of the chief who had successfully resisted her forces and dethroned her nominee. The wishes of the people and king having been disregarded, and Mataafa refused recognition, he withdrew to his own district of Malie, and there set up a local government of his own, which, although conducted peaceably, ignored the arrangements made by the treaty powers in deference to the wishes of Germany. This was considered a menace to the existence of the government of which Malietoa was really the puppet king, and in 1893 he was declared a rebel, and all his lands, as well as those of the chiefs who supported him, were declared forfeited. Had the natives been left to fight the matter out, there can be little doubt that, in spite of the superior numbers of the government party, he would have repeated his former success; but the appearance on the scene of action of three men-of-war—one British and two German—induced him to save useless bloodshed by surrender.

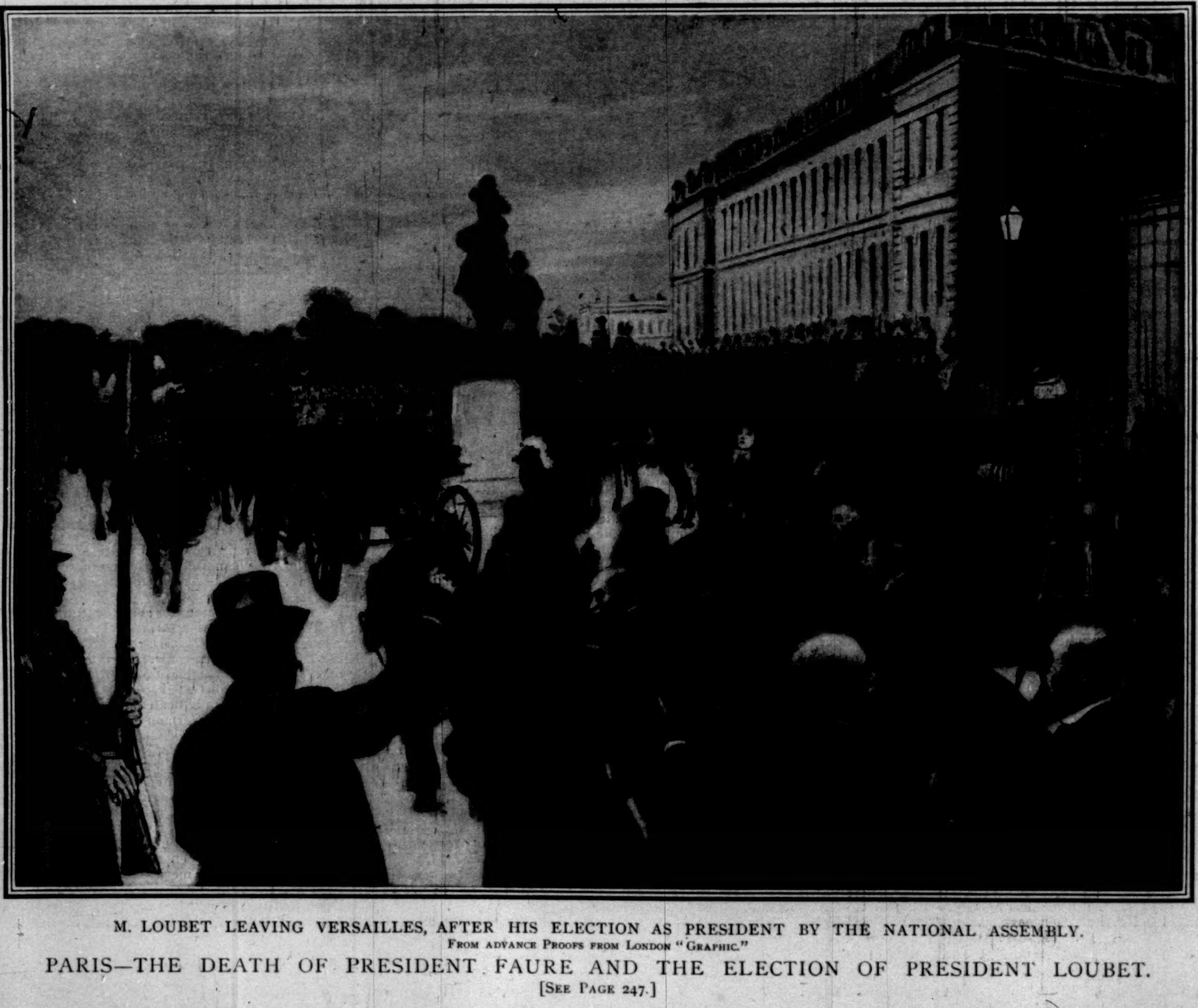
From the current of recent events, it would appear that the German authorities must have arrived at some bargain with Mataafa during his exile in their custody, and that their action in bringing him back and nominating him as king was taken in view of some promised advantage they were to receive from their old enemy. In person Mataafa is a fine specimen of his race, well qualified, both from his dignity of bearing and his intelligence, to command the respect of his people. It will be remembered that he was the great friend of R. L. Stevenson, the novelist, at whose house he was a frequent and favorite guest; indeed, his course of action in 1893 was said to have been taken on the advice of his European friend, who is said to have assured him that England would not desert him at the dictation of Germany. It is at least possible that his disappointment in this may be responsible for his new position as the nominee of Germany at present.

Lord Herschell

AS the chief representative of Great Britain on the Anglo-American Joint High Commission, Lord Herschell's relation to American interests was especially close. His death was made the occasion of very earnest expressions of appreciation, touching both his high ability and his friendly disposition towards the country of which he was an honored guest.

Right Honorable Farrer, First Lord Herschell, the son of a native of Berlin who had gone to England as a child and there had been converted to the Christian faith, was born in 1837. He was educated at University College, London, and at Bonn, Germany; called to the bar in 1860; appointed Recorder of Carlisle in 1873, and in the following year returned to Parliament for Durham City. In 1880 he was appointed Solicitor-General, as a member of the Gladstone ministry, and was knighted; he was raised to the peerage and became Lord Chancellor in 1886; again in 1892 he held this office, on the return of the Gladstonians to power. He reached New York last summer, coming to participate in negotiations for the settlement of disputes between the United States and the British Empire in North America. While visiting in Washington he had the misfortune to fall heavily on a slippery pavement, and the injury thus received, increasing a tendency to heart failure, no doubt hastened his death.

THE BODY OF PRESIDENT FAURE LYING IN STATE IN THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE.



M. LOUBET LEAVING VERSAILLES, AFTER HIS ELECTION AS PRESIDENT BY THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

FROM ADVANCE PROOFS FROM LONDON "GRAPHIC."

PARIS—THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT FAURE AND THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT LOUBET.

[SEE PAGE 247.]

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

HIS Japanese attendant, Asano, in expounding the history of the intervening two centuries, drew an apt image from a seed eaten by insect parasites. First, there is the original seed ripening vigorously enough. And then comes some insect and lays an egg under the skin, and, behold, in a little while the seed is a hollow shape with an active grub inside that has eaten out its substance. And then comes some secondary parasite, some ichneumon-fly, and lays an egg within this grub, and, behold, that too is a hollow shape, and the new living thing is inside its predecessor's skin, which itself is snug within the seed coat. And the seed coat still keeps its shape, most people think it a seed still, and, for all one knows, it may still think itself a seed, vigorous and alive. "Your Victorian kingdom," said Asano, "was like that—kingship with the heart eaten out." The land-owners—the barons and gentry—began ages ago with King John; there were lapses, but they beheaded King Charles, and ended practically with King George, a mere husk of a king....the real power in the hands of their Parliament. But the Parliament—the organ of the land-holding, tenant-ruling gentry—did not keep its power long. The change had already come in the nineteenth century. The franchise had been broadened until it included masses of ignorant men, "urban myriads," who went in their featureless thousands to vote together. And the natural consequence of a swarming constituency is the rule of the party organization. Power had passed even in the Victorian time to the party machinery, secret, complex, and corrupt. Very speedily power was in the hands of great men of business, who financed the machines. Parliament became a shadow—a sham. A time came when the real power and interest of the empire rested visibly between the two party councils, ruling by newspapers and electoral organizations—two small groups of rich and able men, working at first in opposition, then presently together.

There was a reaction of a genteel, ineffectual sort. There were numberless books in existence, Asano said, to prove that—the publication of some of them was as early as Graham's sleep—a whole literature of reaction, in fact. The party of the reaction seems to have locked itself into its study, and rebelled, with unflinching determination—on paper. The urgent necessity of either capturing or depriving the party councils of power is a common suggestion underlying all the thoughtful work of the early twentieth century, both in America and England. In most of these things America was a little earlier than England, though both countries drove the same way.

That counter-revolution never came. It could never organize and keep pure. There was not enough of the old sentimentality, the old faith in righteousness, left among men. Any organization that became big enough to influence the polls became complex enough to be undermined, broken up, or bought outright by capable rich men. Socialistic and Popular, Reactionary and Purity, parties were all at last mere Stock Exchange counters, selling their principles to pay for their electioneering. And the great concern of the rich was naturally to keep property intact, the board clear for the game of trade. Just as the feudal concern had been to keep the board clear for hunting and war. The whole world was exploited, a battle-field of businesses; and financial convulsions, the scourge of currency manipulation, tariff wars, made more human misery during the twentieth century—because the wretchedness was dreary life instead of speedy death—than had war, pestilence, famine, in the darkest hours of early history.

His own part in the development of this time he now knew clearly enough. Through the successive phases in the development of this mechanical civilization, aiding and presently directing its development, there had grown a new power, the Council, the board of his trustees. At first it had been a mere chance union of the millions of Isbister and Warming, a mere property-holding company, the creation of two childless testators' whims, but the collective talent of its first constitution had speedily guided it to a vast influence, until, by title-deed, loan, and share, under a hundred disguises and pseudonyms, it had ramified through the fabric of the American and English states.

Wielding an enormous influence and patronage, the Council had early assumed a political aspect; and in its development it had continually used its wealth to tip the beam of political decisions and its political advantages to grasp yet more and more wealth. At last the party organizations of two hemispheres were in its hands; it became an inner council of political control. Its last struggle was with the tacit alliance of the great Jewish families. But these families were linked only by a feeble sentiment; at any time inheritance might fling a huge fragment of their resources to a minor, a woman, or a fool; marriages and legacies alienated hundreds of thousands at one blow. The Council had no such breach in its continuity. Steadily, steadfastly, it grew.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.

The original Council was not simply twelve men of exceptional ability; they fused—it was a council of genius. It struck boldly for riches, for political influence, and the two subserved each other; with amazing foresight it spent great sums of money on the art of flying, holding that invention back against an hour foreseen. It used the patent laws, and a thousand half-legal expedients, to hamper all investigators who refused to work with it. In the old days it never missed a capable man. It paid his price. Its policy in those days was vigorous—unerring; and against it, as it grew steadily and incessantly, was only the chaotic selfish rule of the casually rich. In a hundred years Graham had become almost exclusive owner of Africa, of South America, of France, of London, of England and all its influence—for all practical purposes, that is—a power in North America, then the dominant power in America. The Council bought and organized China, drilled Asia, crippled the Old World empires, undermined them financially, fought and defeated them.

And this spreading usurpation of the world was so dexterously performed—a Proteus; hundreds of banks, companies, syndicates, masked their operations—that it was already far advanced before common men suspected the tyranny that had come. The Council never hesitated, never faltered. Means of communication, land, buildings, governments, municipalities, the territorial companies of the tropics, every human enterprise, it gathered greedily. And it drilled and marshalled its men, its railway police, its roadway police, its house guards, and drain and cable guards, its hosts of land-workers. Their unions it did not fight, but it undermined and betrayed and bought them. It bought the world at last. And, finally, its culminating stroke was the introduction of flying.

When the Council, in conflict with its workers in some of its huge monopolies, did something flagrantly illegal, the old Law looked about it for weapons. There were no more armies, no navies; the age of Peace had come. The only navies were the great steamships of the Council's Navigation Trust. The police forces they controlled; the police of the railways, of the ships, of their agricultural estates, their time-keepers and order-keepers, outnumbered the neglected little forces of the old county and municipal organizations ten to one. And they produced flying-machines. There were men alive still who could remember the last great debate in the London House of Commons—the party against the Council was in a minority, but it made a desperate fight—and how the members came crowding out upon the terrace to see the great and unfamiliar winged shapes circling quietly overhead. The Council had soared to its power. The last pretence of democracy was at an end.

Within one hundred and fifty years of Graham's falling asleep, it had thrown off its disguises and ruled supreme in his name. Elections had become a cheerful formality, a septennial folly, an ancient unmeaning custom; a social Parliament as ineffectual as the convocation of the Established Church in Victorian times assembled now and then, and a legitimate King of England, disinherited, drunken, and witless, played foolishly in a second-rate music-hall. So the magnificent dream of the nineteenth century, the noble project of universal individual liberty and universal happiness, touched by a disease of honor, crippled by a superstition of absolute property, had worked itself out in the face of invention and ignoble enterprise, first to a warring plutocracy, and finally to the rule of a supreme plutocrat. His Council at last had ceased even to trouble to have its decrees endorsed by the constitutional authorities; and he, a motionless, sunken, yellow-skinned figure, had lain, neither dead nor living, recognizably and immediately Master of the earth. And awoke at last to find himself—Master of that inheritance! Awoke to stand under the cloudless, empty sky and gaze down upon the greatness of his dominion. And now indeed he was face to face with the riddle of his fate.

To what end had he awakened? Was this city, this hive of hopeless toilers, the final refutation of his hope? Or was the fire of liberty, the fire that had blazed and waned in the years of his past life, still smouldering below there? He thought of the stir and impulse of the song of the revolution. Was that song merely the trick of a demagogue, to be forgotten when its purpose was served? Was the hope that still stirred within him only the memory of abandoned things, the vestige of a creed outworn? Or had it a wider meaning, an import interwoven with the destiny of man? To what end had he awakened? What things lay before him for him to do? Were his sleep, and this great city, and the miracle of his suspended life, after all, but the work of chance, the casual shaping of unmeaning things?

So he wandered in the doubt-choked desert of his faith, seeking a refuge of belief, were it but a hiding-place from his inexorable, impossible sense of duty, and finding none. So he wandered, pursued by the greatness of his charge, by the knowledge of his own inadequacy his former life had proved. He knew too well the fluctuations of his will, the shifting sands of motive on which he had to build. And God was silent. "Could He be silent," he cried—"could He be silent—if there is a God?" Yet at last his weakness overwhelmed him. He lifted his hands to heaven for strength, doubting, desiring, denying; he prayed that ultimate prayer of men—the prayer to the Unknown God.

A man and a woman were far below, on a roof space to the southward, enjoying the freshness of the morning air. The man had brought out a perspective glass to spy upon the Council House, and he was showing her how to use it. Presently their curiosity was satisfied; they could see no traces of bloodshed from their position, and after a survey of the empty sky she came round to the crow's-nest. And there she saw two little black figures, so small it was hard to believe they were men, one who watched the other, and one who gesticulated with hands outstretched to the silent emptiness of heaven.

She handed the glass to the man. He looked, and exclaimed:

"I believe it is the Master. Yes. I'm sure. It *is* the Master!"

He lowered the glasses and looked at her. "Waving his hands about almost as if he was worshipping. I wonder what he is up to. There weren't Parsees in this country in *his* time, were there?"

He looked again. "He's stopped it now. It was just a chance attitude, I suppose." He put down the glass and became meditative. "He won't have anything to do but enjoy himself. Ostrog will boss the show, of course. Ostrog will have to, because of keeping all these Laborer fools in bounds. They and their song! And got it all by sleeping, dear eyes—just sleeping. It's a wonderful world."

CHAPTER XV.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE state apartments of the wind-vane keeper would have seemed astonishingly intricate to Graham had he entered them fresh from his nineteenth-century life, but already he was growing accustomed to the scale of the new time. They can scarcely be described as halls and rooms, seeing that a complicated system of arches, bridges, passages, and galleries divided and united every part of the great space. He came out through one of the now familiar sliding panels upon a plateau or landing at the head of a flight of very broad and gentle steps, with men and women far more brilliantly dressed than any he had hitherto seen ascending and descending. From this position he looked down a vista of intricate ornament in lustreless white and mauve and purple, spanned by bridges that seemed wrought of porcelain and filigree, and terminating far off in a cloudy mystery of perforated screens.

Glancing upward, he saw tier above tier of ascending galleries, with faces looking down upon him. The air was full of the babble of innumerable voices, of a music that descended from above—a gay and exhilarating music, whose source he never discovered.

The central aisle was thick with people, but by no means uncomfortably crowded; altogether that assembly must have numbered many thousands. They were brilliantly, even fantastically, dressed, the men as fancifully as the women; the sobering influence of the Puritan conception of dignity upon masculine dress had at last passed altogether away. The hair of the men, too, though it was rarely worn long, was commonly curled in a manner that suggested the barber, and baldness had vanished from the earth. Frizzy straight-cut masses that would have charmed Rossetti abounded, and one gentleman, who was pointed out to Graham under the mysterious title of an "amorist," wore his hair in two becoming plaits, *à la Marguerite*. There was little uniformity of fashion apparent in the forms of clothing worn. The more shapely men displayed their symmetry in trunk-hose, and here were puffs and slashes, and there a cloak and there a robe. The fashions of the days of Leo the Tenth were perhaps the prevailing influence. Masculine embonpoint, which in Victorian times would have been subjected to the tightly buttoned perils, the ruthless exaggeration of tight-legged, tight-armed evening dress, now formed but the basis of a wealth of dignity and drooping folds. Graceful slenderness abounded also. To Graham, a typically stiff man from a typically stiff period, not only did these men seem altogether too graceful in person, but altogether too expressive in their vividly expressive faces. They gesticulated; they expressed surprise, interest, amusement; above all, they expressed the emotions excited in their minds by the ladies about them with astonishing frankness. Even at the first glance it was evident that women were in a great majority.

The ladies in the company of these gentlemen displayed in dress, bearing, and manner alike less emphasis and more intricacy. Some affected a classical simplicity of robing and subtlety of fold, and flashed conquering arms and shoulders as Graham passed. Others had closely fitting dresses without seam or belt at the waist; sometimes with long folds falling from the shoulders. The delightful confidences of décolleté costume had not been diminished by the passage of two centuries, nor had the hygienic divided skirt prevailed.

Every one's movements seemed graceful. Graham remarked to Lincoln that he saw men as Raphael's cartoons walking, and Lincoln told him that the attainment of an appropriate set of gestures was part of every rich person's education. The Master's entry was greeted with a sort of tittering applause, but these people showed their distinguished manners by not crowding upon him nor annoying him by any persistent scrutiny as he descended the steps towards the floor of the aisle.

He had already learnt from Lincoln that these were the leaders of existing London society; almost every person there that night was either a powerful official or the immediate connection of a powerful official. Many had returned from the European Pleasure Cities expressly to welcome him. The aeronautic authorities, whose defection had played a part in the overthrow of the Council only second to Graham's, were very prominent, and so too was the Wind-Vane Control. Amongst others there were several of the more prominent officers of the Food Trust; the controller of the European Piggeries had a particularly melancholy and interesting countenance and a daintily cynical manner. A bishop in full canonicals passed athwart Graham's vision, conversing with a gentleman dressed exactly like the traditional Dante, including even the laurel wreath.

"Who is that?" he asked, almost involuntarily.

"The Bishop of London," said Lincoln.

"No—the other, I mean."

"Poet Laureate."

"You still—?"

"He doesn't write poetry, of course. He's a cousin of Wotton—one of the Councillors. But he's one of the Red Rose Royalists—a delightful club—and they keep up the tradition of these things."

"Asano told me there was a King."

"The King doesn't belong. They had to expel him. It's the Stuart blood, I suppose; but really—"

"Too much?"

"Far too much."

Graham did not quite follow all this, but it seemed part of the general inversion of the new age. He bowed condescendingly to his first introduction. It was evident that subtle distinction of class prevailed even in this assembly; that only to a small proportion of the guests, to an inner group, did Lincoln consider it appropriate to introduce him. This first introduction was the Master Aeronaut, a man whose sun-tanned face contrasted oddly with delicate complexions about him. Just at present his critical defection from the Council made him a very important person indeed.

His manner contrasted very favorably, according to Graham's ideas, with the general bearing. He made a few commonplace remarks, assurances of loyalty, and frank inquiries about the Master's health. His manner was breezy; his accent lacked the easy staccato of latter-day English. He made it admirably clear to Graham that he was a bluff "aerial dog"—he used that phrase—that there was no nonsense about him, that he was a thoroughly manly fellow, and old-fashioned at that; that he didn't profess to know much, and that what he did not know was not worth knowing. He made a manly bow, ostentatiously free from obsequiousness, and passed.

"I am glad to see that type endures," said Graham.

"Phonographs and kinematographs," said Lincoln, a little spitefully. "He has studied from the life." Graham glanced at the burly form again. It was oddly reminiscent.

"As a matter of fact, we bought him," said Lincoln. "Partly. And partly he was afraid of Ostrog."

He turned sharply to introduce the Surveyor-General of the Public-School Trust. This person was a willowy figure in a blue-gray academic gown; he beamed down upon Graham through *pince-nez* of a Victorian pattern, and illustrated his remarks by gestures of a beautifully manicured hand. Graham was immediately interested in this gentleman's functions, and asked him a number of singularly direct questions. The Surveyor-General seemed quietly amused at the Master's fundamental bluntness. He was a little vague as to the monopoly of education his company possessed; it was done by contract with the syndicate that ran the numerous London municipalities; but he waxed enthusiastic over educational progress since the Victorian times.

"We have conquered Cram," he said; "completely conquered Cram—there is not an Examination left in the world. Aren't you glad?"

"How do you get the work done?" asked Graham.

"We make it attractive—as attractive as possible. And if it does not attract then—we let it go. We cover an immense field."

He proceeded to details, and they had a lengthy conversation. The Surveyor-General mentioned the names of Pestalozzi and Froebel with profound respect, although he displayed no intimacy with their epoch-making works. Graham learnt that University Extension still existed in a modified form. "There is a certain type of girl, for example," said the Surveyor-General, dilating with a sense of his usefulness, "with a perfect passion for severe studies—when they are not too difficult. We cater for them by the thousand. At this moment," he said, with a Napoleonic touch, "nearly five hundred phonographs are lecturing in different parts of London on the influence exercised by Plato and Swift on the love-affairs of Shelley, Hazlitt, and Burns. And afterwards they write essays on the lectures, and the names in order of merit are put in conspicuous places. You see how your little germ has grown? The illiterate middle class of your days has quite passed away."

"About the public elementary schools," said Graham—"do you control them?"

The Surveyor-General did "entirely." Now Graham, in his later democratic days, had taken a keen interest in these, and his questioning grew keen. Certain casual phrases that had fallen from the old man with whom he had talked in the darkness recurred to him. The Surveyor-General, in effect, endorsed the old man's words. "We have abolished Cram," he said—a phrase Graham was beginning to interpret as the abolition of all sustained work. The Surveyor-General became sentimental. "We try and make the elementary schools very pleasant for the little children. They will have to work so soon. They have to work so soon. Just a few simple principles—obedience—industry."

"You teach them very little?"

"Why should we? It only leads to trouble and discontent. We amuse them. Even as it is, there are troubles—agitations. Where the laborers get the ideas, one cannot tell. They tell one another. There are socialistic dreams—anarchy even! Agitators *will* get to work among them. I take it—I have always taken it—that my foremost duty is to fight against popular discontent. Why should people be made unhappy?"

"I wonder," said Graham, thoughtfully. "But there are a great many things I want to know."

Lincoln, who had stood watching Graham's face throughout the conversation, intervened. "There are others," he said, in an undertone.

The Surveyor-General of Schools gesticulated himself away. "Perhaps," said Lincoln, intercepting a casual glance, "you would like to know some of these ladies?"

The daughter of the manager of the piggeries of the European Food Trust was a particularly charming little person with red hair and animated blue eyes. Lincoln left him awhile to converse with her, and she displayed herself as quite an enthusiast for the "dear old times," as she called them, that had seen the beginning of his trance. As she talked she smiled, and her eyes smiled in a manner that demanded reciprocity.

"I have tried," she said, "countless times, to imagine those old romantic days. And to you—they are memories. How strange and crowded the world must seem to you! I have seen photographs and pictures of the old times, the little isolated houses built of bricks made out of burnt mud, and all black with soot from your fires; the railway bridges, the simple advertisements, the solemn savage men in strange black coats and those tall hats of theirs, iron railway trains on iron bridges overhead, horses and cattle, and even dogs running half wild about the streets. And suddenly you have come into this!"

"Into this," said Graham.

"Out of your life—out of all that was familiar."

"The old life was not a happy one," said Graham. "I do not regret that."

She looked at him quickly. There was a brief pause. She sighed encouragingly. "No?"

"No," said Graham. "It was a little life—and unmeaning. But this— We thought the world complex and crowded and civilized enough. Yet I see—although in this world I am barely four days old—looking back on my own time, that it was a queer, barbaric time—the mere beginning of this new order. The mere beginning of this new order. You will find it hard to understand how little I know."

"You may ask me what you like," she said, smiling at him.

"Then tell me who these people are. I'm still very much in the dark about them. It's puzzling. Are there any distinguished generals?"

"Men in armor?"

"Of course not. No. I suppose they are the men who control the great public businesses. Who is that distinguished-looking man?"

"That? He's a most important officer. That is Morden. He is managing director of the Antibilious Pill Company. I have heard that his workers sometimes turn out a myriad myriad of pills a day in the twenty-four hours. Fancy a myriad myriad!"

"A myriad myriad. No wonder he looks proud," said Graham. "Pills! What a wonderful time it is! That man in purple?"

"He is not quite one of the inner circle, you know. But we like him. He is really clever, and very amusing. He is one of the heads of the Medical Faculty of our London University. All medical men, you know, are shareholders in the Medical Faculty Company, and wear that purple. You have to be—to be qualified. But of course people who are paid by fees for doing something—" She smiled away the pretensions of all such people.

"Are any of your great artists or authors here?"

"No authors. They are mostly such queer little women—and so preoccupied about themselves. And they quarrel so dreadfully! But I think Wraysbury, the fashionable capillotomist, is here. From Capri."

"Capillotomist," said Graham. "Ah, I remember. An artist! Why not?"

"We have to cultivate him," she said, apologetically. "Our heads are in his hands." She smiled.

Graham hesitated at the invited compliment, but his glance was expressive. "Have the arts grown with the rest of civilized things?" he said. "Who are your great painters?"

She looked at him doubtfully. Then laughed. "For a moment," she said, "I thought you meant—" She laughed again. "You mean, of course, those good men you used to think so much of because they could cover great spaces of canvas with oil-colors? Great oblongs. And people used to put the things in gilt frames and hang them up in rows in their square rooms. We haven't any. People grew tired of that sort of thing."

"But what did you think I meant?"

She put a finger significantly on a cheek whose glow was above suspicion, and smiled, and looked very arch and pretty and inviting. "And here," and she indicated her eyelid.

Graham had an adventurous moment. Then a grotesque memory of a picture he had somewhere seen of Uncle Toby and the Widow flashed across his memory. An archaic shame came upon him. He became acutely aware that he was visible to a great number of interested people. "I see," he remarked, inadequately. He turned awkwardly away from her fascinating facility. He looked about him, to meet a number of eyes that immediately occupied themselves with other things. Possibly he colored a little. "Who is that talking with the lady in saffron?" he asked, avoiding her eyes.

The person in question, he learnt, was one of the great organizers of the American theatres, just fresh from a gigantic production at Mexico. His face reminded Graham of a bust of Caligula. The little lady, in no degree embarrassed, pointed out to him a charming little woman beyond as one of the subsidiary wives of the aeronautic chief.

Graham was on the verge of hesitating inquiries about the status of a "subsidiary wife," apparently a euphemistic phrase, when Lincoln's return broke off this very suggestive and interesting conversation. They crossed the aisle to where a tall man in crimson and two charming persons in Burmese costume (as it seemed to him) awaited him diffidently. From their civilities he passed to other presentations.

In a little while his multitudinous impressions began to organize themselves into a general effect. At first the glitter of the gathering had raised all the democrat in Graham; he had felt hostile and satirical. But it is not in human nature to resist an atmosphere of courteous regard. Soon the music, the light, the play of colors, the shining arms and shoulders about him, the touch of hands, the transient interest of smiling faces, the frothing sound of skilfully modulated voices, the atmosphere of compliment, interest, and respect, had woven together into a fabric of indisputable pleasure. Graham for a time forgot his spacious resolutions. He gave way slowly to the intoxication of the position that was conceded him; his manner became less conscious, more convincingly regal; his feet walked assuredly, the black robe fell with a bolder fold, and pride ennobled his voice. After all, this was a brilliant, interesting world.

His glance went approvingly over the shifting colors of the people; it rested here and there in kindly criticism upon a face. Presently it occurred to him that he owed some apology to the charming little person with the red hair and blue eyes. He felt guilty of a clumsy snub. It was not princely to ignore her advances, even if his policy necessitated their rejection. He wondered if he should see her again. And suddenly a little thing touched all the glamour of this brilliant gathering and changed its quality.

He looked up, and saw passing across a bridge of porcelain and looking down upon him a face that was almost immediately hidden—the face of the girl he had seen overnight in the little room beyond the theatre after his escape from the Council. And she was looking with much the same expression of curious expectation, of uncertain intentness, upon his proceedings. For the moment he did not remember when he had seen her, and then with recognition came a vague memory of the stirring emotions of their first encounter. But the dancing web of melody about him kept the air of that great marching song from his memory.

The lady to whom he was talking repeated her remark, and Graham recalled himself to the quasi-regal flirtation upon which he was engaged.

But from that moment a vague restlessness, a feeling that grew to dissatisfaction, came into his mind. He was troubled as if by some half-forgotten duty, by the sense of things important slipping from him amidst this light and brilliance. The attraction that these bright ladies who crowded about him were beginning to exercise ceased. He no longer made vague and clumsy responses to the subtly amorous advances that he was now assured were being made to him, and his eyes wandered for another sight of that face that had appealed so strongly to his sense of beauty. But he did not see her again until he was awaiting Lincoln's return to leave this assembly. In answer to his request, Lincoln had promised that an attempt should be made to fly that afternoon, if the weather permitted. He had gone to make certain necessary arrangements.

Graham was in one of the upper galleries, in conversation with a bright-eyed lady on the subject of Eadhamite—the subject was his choice and not hers. He had interrupted her warm assurances of personal devotion with a matter-of-fact inquiry. He found her, as he had already found several other latter-day women that night, less well informed than charming. Suddenly, struggling against the eddying drift of nearer melody, the song of the Revolt, the great song he had heard in the hall, hoarse and massive, came beating down to him.

He glanced up, startled, and perceived above him an *œil-de-bœuf*, through which this song had come, and beyond the upper courses of cable the blue haze, and the pendent fabric of the lights of the public ways. He heard the song break into a tumult of voices and cease. But now he perceived quite clearly the drone and tumult of the moving platforms and a murmur of many voices. He had a vague persuasion that he could not account for—a sort of instinctive feeling that outside in the ways a huge crowd must be watching this place in which their Master amused himself. He wondered what they might be thinking of him.

Though the song had stopped so abruptly, though the special music of this gathering reasserted itself, the *motif* of the marching song, once it had begun, lingered in his mind.

The bright-eyed lady was still struggling with the mysteries of Eadhamite, when he perceived the girl he had seen in the theatre again. She was coming now along the gallery towards him; he saw her first before she saw him. She was dressed in a faintly luminous gray, her dark hair about her brows was like a cloud, and as he saw her the cold light from the circular opening into the ways fell upon her downcast face.

The lady in trouble about the Eadhamite saw the change in his face, and grasped her opportunity. "Would you care to know that girl, sire?" she asked, boldly. "She is Helen Wotton—a niece of Ostrog's. She knows a great many serious things. She is one of the most serious persons alive. I am sure you will like her."

In another moment Graham was talking to the girl, and the bright-eyed lady had fluttered away.

"I remember you," said Graham. "You were in that little room. When all the people were singing and beating time with their feet. Before I walked across the hall."

Her momentary embarrassment passed. She looked up at him, and her face was steady. "It was wonderful," she said, hesitated, and spoke with a sudden effort. "All those people would have died for you, sire. Countless people did die for you that night."

Her face glowed. She glanced swiftly aside to see that no other heard her words.

Lincoln appeared some way off along the gallery, making his way through the press towards them. She saw him, and turned to Graham, strangely eager, with a swift change to confidence and intimacy. "Sire," she said, quickly, "I cannot tell you now and here. But the common people are very unhappy; the common people are very unhappy. They are oppressed—they are misgoverned. Do not forget the people, who faced death—death that you might live."

"I know nothing—" began Graham.

"I cannot tell you now."

Lincoln's face appeared close to them.

"You find the new world pleasant, sire?" asked Lincoln, with smiling deference, and indicating the space and splendor of the gathering by one comprehensive gesture. "At any rate, you find it changed."

"Yes," said Graham, "changed. And yet, after all, not so greatly changed."

"Wait till you are in the air," said Lincoln. "The wind has fallen; even now the aeropile awaits you."

Graham glanced at the girl, was on the verge of a question, found a warning in her eye, bowed to her, and turned to accompany Lincoln.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The City Beautiful

A SUGGESTION FOR NEW YORK

CIVIC pride finds its noblest expression in a noble city. In fact, until it does so express itself there is something the matter with the pride. It is either inadequate or misapplied. A big balance of trade is a source of pride, but it is accumulated by the energy and enterprise of individuals acting largely in antagonism to one another, and often in despite of the community. It represents the pleistocene period of a city's progress; the age of drift and bowlder, before the huge bulk has clothed itself with graciousness. But civic pride results from co-operation; from the sense that the individual owes much to the community, that the community stands for him before the world, and that the community's external appearance is what the world judges by. For a time communities do not care what the rest of the world thinks of them; they are self-centred and self-satisfied—another rudimentary stage. By-and-by they find they are judging other communities by this test, and gradually get round to the conviction that they will be judged by it likewise.

Moreover, there is the natural desire for beauty; not for ostentation, but in response to instincts which assert themselves during the lulls of life. The man decorates his home; as his means increase he adds to the amount and style of its decoration, and makes it an embodiment of the finer qualities of his character. Then he wakes up to the incongruity of handsome edifices and squalid streets, and extends his interest and ambition, by co-operation with others, until they take in the whole city, and do not rest satisfied until the city in which they take a pride is a city beautiful.

There are few, if any, American cities which have not beautiful natural advantages in the way of sites. The same was probably true of all important cities in the world, but in many of them there has been no stirring of corporate effort, and affairs have drifted from bad to worse, until the selfishness of individuals has obliterated most of the beauty. It is America's chance that this system of indifference and disfigurement has not yet gone beyond the possibility of arrest. But it is proceeding constantly, and nothing but combined effort on the part of citizens animated with a proper pride can stop it, or at least modify it. This awakening of civic pride is one of the best signs of our time. One hears of it in many directions.

Boston, for example, has focussed its solicitude on Copley Square, and has extended its pride through one of the grandest stretches of parks to be found anywhere; Philadelphia has its Fairmount Park Association, and is beautifying its park, river-side, and bridges; Pittsburg is busy with the same intentions; Baltimore has enrolled a municipal league to care for the city's embellishment; and Chicago is converting what was a squalid adjunct to a railway into a noble esplanade along the lake. These are only a few examples of the interest in what is often summed up as "municipal art." The movement is spreading everywhere. It has even reached New York.

Either because it is a huge agglomeration of heterogeneous factors, or because its natural advantages are so unrivalled, and much has already been done by the municipal authorities in the park system, Riverside Drive, the Boulevard (now Broadway), Speedway, and so on, the citizens of New York have shown little ability to combine for civic improvement. There is a Municipal Art Society, it is true, but it has not fastened its hold upon the big side of the question, and has failed to arouse enthusiasm.

Yet what a scope for enthusiasm the possibilities of a beautiful New York present! Chief of these possibilities is that of its water-front, which is without a rival for deep-water facilities, and might be made a source of health and pleasure to its citizens. In patches it is already so. There is Battery Park, for instance, one or two recreation piers, and a sight of the water at a distance along Riverside Drive. The last is spoilt by the railway, which disfigures the scenery and cuts one off from the river. Yet here, extending from Seventy-second Street to Spuyten Duyvil, is a frontage of natural grandeur, following a noble sweep of water, and confronting a magnificent panorama upon the opposite bank. The reaches of the Rhine are not more beautiful than this; and the Rhine is never kindled with such sunsets as those which glorify the Hudson. The city has already preserved the natural beauties of the Riverside, although two Legislatures have been powerless to check the destruction of the Palisades. But what has been already accomplished is nothing more than many a little summer resort has done. A treatment of the site, commensurate with the city's wealth and importance, is still to be attempted.

An accompanying illustration shows the suggestion for a solution of this problem made by Mr. Milton See, in a paper read before the Architectural League of New York, which has taken the lead in trying to create a public interest in the city's improvement, holding debates upon the subject in connection with its current exhibition. Mr. See proposes to cover over the existing railway, securing on the top a fine terrace and bicycle track. West of this, and at a lower level, he would build out into the river a further terrace from 200 to 300 feet wide. This could be done by filling, and any existing shore rights could still be preserved underneath the structure, approached when necessary by inclined roads. The suggested treatment of the surface can best be understood by a study of the drawing. Its main feature is its monumental character. This is in keeping with the character that this part of the city has already taken on. Grant's Tomb, Columbia University, and the rising Cathedral all combine to make this a focal spot of monumental architecture, and some such scheme as his would complete the effect. At 116th Street, he thinks, a desirable feature would be a water-gate of an imposing character, for the purpose of receiving distinguished visitors. The gate is shown in the drawing, opening into a lagoon, surrounded by a peristyle. The scheme would involve no interference with commerce, and the assets to the city from reclaimed land and increased values along the route should, he thinks, be set against the cost. It is not necessary to approve of the scheme in detail to feel assured that, as a whole, it would be a noble expression of the city's greatness.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A Winter Song

ADOWN the garden way
The slim rose-tree is gray;
No bee about it wings,
No bird upon it sings,
Throughout the dreary day.

It snares the flake of snow
That scurries to and fro,
But in the whining cold
It dreams of days of gold
With roses all ablow.

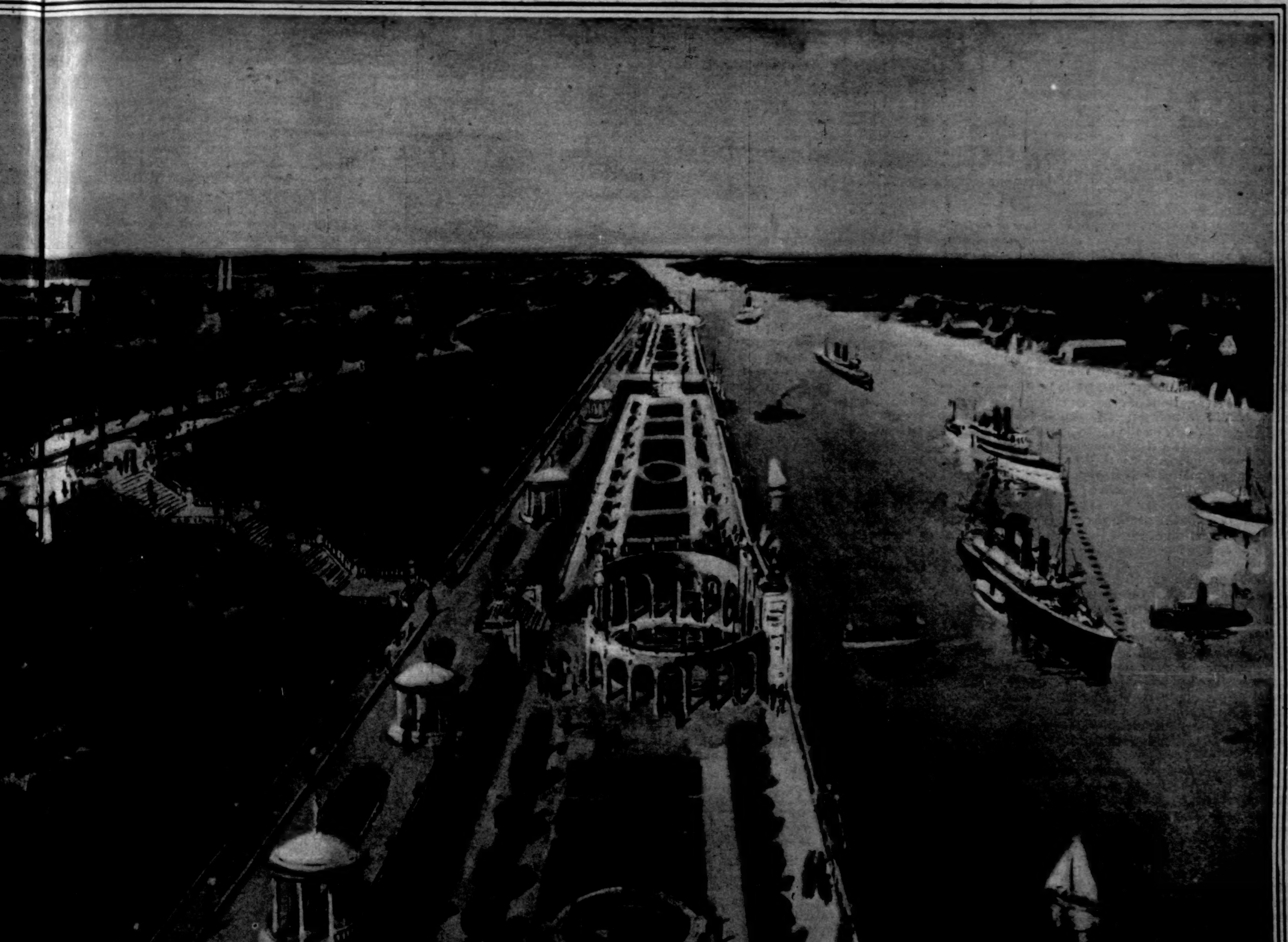
So in the cheerless chill
Of winds that whistle shrill
And round the chimney moan,
I linger sad and lone
Where birds nor cheep nor trill.

And yet on Fancy's chart
I see the swallows dart—
Across my dream aglow
She comes, and richly blow
Love's roses in my heart.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

NEW YORK—A SUGGESTION FOR THE IMPROVE

PRESENTED BEFORE THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE BY MILTON SEE.—DRA



OVEMENT OF THE HUDSON RIVER WATER-FRONT.

—Drawn by H. M. Pettit from the Architect's Plans.—[See Page 241.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

PHYSICAL FEATURES OF THE ISLAND

THE first impressions one receives of the island of Puerto Rico from the water, as the steamer churns through a placid sea as blue as the beautiful Mediterranean, are rather disappointing.

Puerto-Rican mountain ranges rise massively only two thousand feet above the level of the sea, with here and there a peak gaining gradual elevation to three thousand, or, in the case of El Yunque in the northeast, thirty-seven hundred feet, but there are no great heights which hold the eye entranced. Neither do they make an effective showing from the sea, as the most marked elevations are far inland—in fact, the mountainous backbone traverses almost the centre of the island, beginning at a point near San German in the southwest corner, and crossing diagonally to El Yunque, the highest land, near the northeast.

In circumnavigating the island, the western end has few suggestions of scenic beauty. The isle of Desecheo, like a partially submerged cone—the home of sea-birds only—guards the northwest corner like a lonely sentinel. Looking toward Aguadilla, on the mainland, the country is slightly rolling, backed by a single low range of carved sandstones in the middle ground, while in the misty distance there are suggestions of greater ranges. Mayaguez, the great western shipping port, is almost invisible from the sea, lying low down on the shore-line, and fronting an open harbor, which is a dangerous one in heavy southwesterly or westerly weather. Still farther to the south, one looks into apparently better-protected, landlocked harbors, while the distant view carries the eye from the near-by rolling foot-hills along the axes of heavy ranges.

The western end of the southern coast is monotonous in the extreme, and nothing breaks the weariness of the view except the dashing of waves on coral reefs, whose tireless builders have thrust their castellated homes upward through the foam and spray. The ancient and almost deserted port of Guanica, foreshortened from the water into a mere dent in the coast-line, develops into as fine and beautiful a harbor as any on the island, excepting perhaps the sea-sheltered havens near Fajardo on the east. It is surprising that cities should have sprung up near almost useless ports, while at this point—offering as it does a fine deep-water harbor, too narrow for much manœuvring at its mouth—a town once recognized as a point of ocean trade has not only failed to expand commercially, but lost its old-time prestige. Its deterioration can most likely be traced to political discrimination in San Juan.

Ponce, to the west of the centre of the southern coast-line, and two miles from the ocean, can just be seen with a field-glass, cradled in palms and green trees among the first of the rolling foot-hills, while the Playa, its port town, stands with flat roofs and whitened walls on the disintegrated coral of the shore. The harbor is very open and shallow, though protected somewhat on the east by a spur of land, and slightly on the west by a little island reef, made a gem of beauty by the simple architecture of its white light-house.

From Ponce eastward the landscape from the sea grows more pleasing, and one realizes the beauty of the mountain ranges, each rising higher behind the other, the effect enhanced by the great spur from the main series which breaks away and follows the sea-coast not many miles inland. At Jobos, on this portion of the coast, occurs another fine harbor with ample sea room, which is used only by a few coasting vessels; the thriving city of Guayama, but five miles away to the eastward, uses, curiously enough, the open roadstead of Arroyo, four miles on the other side, for shipping purposes in preference to the fine landlocked body of water at Jobos.

From the island of Vieques, on the southeast corner, to San Juan, on the northern coast, the landscape is broken by islets and islands, and the mainland shows jutting rocky promontories, which produce kaleidoscopic vistas of which one never tires.

The islands of Vieques and Culebra, which lie off the east coast and belong to Puerto Rico, are low in contour, with little running water, though they are fertile in the extreme, and the waving cane-fields of Vieques, which stretch over hill and dale, are far more lovely in their undulating, silken tassels than those of the mainland, covering flat, unrelieved plains.

The thousand small islands which form the Lesser Antilles and curve off in a great arc to the southward from Puerto Rico, together with the innumerable coral islets shooting out from the northeast corner of the island, constitute a sea-screen which protects all the harbors of the eastern side; and it is quite probable that, under the impetus of American development, this side of the island, instead of being almost wholly deserted commercially, will become in time the most favored and sought after, for it undoubtedly offers natural advantages in a marked degree, in the shape of protected sea room, with deep waters close inshore, such as are not possessed by the other three sides. It should be stated, however, that coral reefs and shoals abound, among which navigation is highly dangerous at present, owing to the lack of accurate charts; but when the Coast Survey shall have carefully mapped the submarine pathways, these difficulties will be overcome, for, between these submerged reefs, which act as sea-walls, are ample passageways of deep water.

It is said that this is the less fertile end of the island, but the opinion has gained credence from the fact that hitherto this region has contributed less in commercial products, and hence has attracted less attention in business centres, rather than because the soil possesses any inherent sterility, for it is, beyond question, quite as rich and productive as any other section of the land, and, given population and land and sea transportation facilities, it should outstrip other regions tributary to the less-favored harbors on the open coasts.

The northern side of the island has no good ports, with the exception of the embayed harbor of San Juan, and the landscape from afar is almost a dreary one. Arecibo is the only city—after the capital—which attracts the eye landward. Its cathedral seems to rise from a veritable city of thatched huts, though in reality these only hang upon the skirts of the main city, which is well built. Past its doors flows the second largest river on the island, Rio Grande de Arecibo.

San Juan is a city of delight to the vision. Its massive, high-walled, gray-grown forts may be seen far out at sea, their battlements crowning every bold salient of the shore-line. Across its harbor entrance, in heavy northern weather, the white-crested billows pile high on each other in a frenzied race toward shore, which, viewed as a picture in nature, fills the heart with rapture; seen with the eye of the mariner, causes the face of the stoutest navigator to pale.

The deep, fast-flowing rivers which fall into the sea from this side are all spoken of by previous writers as being navigable for several miles inland, but mention is made at the same time of sand bars and spits which close them effectually to shipping. From a commercial standpoint they would be of little use even if their mouths were opened by dredging, as they flow between banks quite too close for the handling of anything but small fishing-smacks, and during a receding tide the outspeeding current whips the water's surface into eddying whirlpools which would be dangerous even for moored vessels.

On the whole, it must be admitted that Puerto Rico, from the water, is not an impressive sight, that it has few good harbors, and that the best of them appeal to neither the artistic nor the technical eye; but it should be remembered that this island has less than three hundred and fifty miles of coast-line, all told, or, roughly speaking, about as much as the coast of Massachusetts, and in this short distance it lays claim to fourteen harbors, though, in point of real commercial utility, it has not more than six. In an island which averages but ninety-five miles in length by thirty-five in breadth, half a dozen good ports will feel the strain of competition severely when the time shall come that railroad transportation and good roads bind the agricultural country closely to the business centres.

Once on shore, the traveller through the island realizes for the first time what a wealth of artistic loveliness and fertile possibilities lies in this land clothed with a livery of tropical vegetation. Almost every foot of ground is steep and rolling, except along the coast-lines and in a few narrow valleys of the interior, where the earth lies seemingly as flat as a floor, from the banks of the wandering rivers to the very foot of the mountains, which rise abruptly to sharp curved crests a thousand feet above.

Table-lands there are none. The mountain uplifts are flexed into razor-backed ridges, and time and weather have fought against the form-preserving vegetation with sufficient success to mould their sides into soft erosional shapes, steep-sided and high, but covered to their very tops with rich, fertile, and cultivable soil.

While there are no flat-topped mountain ranges in the interior, the few narrow valleys, found mainly on the northern side east of the centre, are elevated above the sea as much as a thousand feet, and no more delightful place of abode for white men can be imagined. Perfect landscapes, a soil in which almost everything under heaven will grow, cool nights, bearable days, and the whole of this idealistic conception set off with a filigree-work of heaving clouds, wonderful rainbows overhanging the green of stately palms, waving broad-leaved banana-plantations, food and fruit trees, and jungle forests whose odd shapes and queer foliage lend a never-tiring charm to the scene. It is a Garden of Eden, and will become the winter Mecca of America.

CLIMATE.

Ask the average man who formed an integral part of the army of invasion which went to Puerto Rico what he thinks of the climate, and his opinion will most likely be forcibly expressed by the word "damnable." His judgment is a biassed one, however, for it should be remembered that he bore all the hardships of a severe campaign. With a system weakened by life in fever-infected camps, and after a prolonged interval aboard cramped, foul-smelling transports, he was forced out, during the heat of summer, into torrid suns, chilling rains, and bottomless mud in tangled trails, subsisting, meantime, on a diet unknown to him in his own comfortable home—a mixture of "government straight" and tropical fruits. It is little wonder that his plaintive song voiced itself in the words of "God's countrie." The fact is patent, however, that the army of Puerto Rico returned, in spite of necessary exposure, with few men left behind in lonely graves, and with a small percentage of sickness in its ranks as compared with the men who were forced into the death-trap of Santiago, while those who have remained on the island, quartered in barracks, show a less percentage of illness in their forces than they did before leaving the United States.

In spite of various and contrary opinions, the climate of Puerto Rico is not a difficult one for North-Americans to hold their own in the year around, though it is most enjoyable in the middle of winter, when our own broad United States is clothed in ice and snow, chilled by sullen rains, or frozen by the biting winds of bitter blizzards.

The island lies within the torrid zone, between latitudes 17° 54′ and 18° 30′ N. On the mainland of North America, at this latitude, the climate is quite unbearable to the unacclimated during the entire year, unless it be perhaps in sections where the altitude is five thousand feet or over; but, owing to Puerto Rico's position far out on the ocean to the eastward (longitude west from Greenwich 65° 35′–67° 15′), away from the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, together with its comparatively small area, which permits it to be swept by the prevailing trade-winds from end to end, the climate is one in which those of temperate regions may safely live, provided some care be taken of the health for the first few months, until physical adjustment has taken place.

In the heat of summer the temperature never rises above 95° Fahrenheit on the sea-coast, and the nights are usually cool. Whatever unpleasantness pertains to the climate is the outcome of the excessive humidity of the atmosphere during the rainy season, and the clammy dampness of clear, dew-laden nights. Unquestionably the rainy season is a trial to the constitution, for the wet air, heated by sudden sunbursts, is difficult to breathe, and exposure to the chilly damp of night is apt to bring on pernicious and malarial fevers. However, with anything like proper care of the person and a fair diet of quinine, the summer season may be safely tided over.

In winter—or rather during the "dry season" of November, December, January, and February—the upper limit of the mercury is about 80° on the coast, and ten degrees less in the mountains, dropping lowest in January. There is a greater range in temperature between day and night at this season than in summer, the mercury sometimes falling during darkness to 65° on the coast, and ten degrees lower in the highest altitudes. Sixty-five degrees means really cold weather to the Puerto-Rican, and the American who has lived on the island for a few months does not disdain to envelop his linen-clad person in a light overcoat.

The difference between the temperature in open sunlight and dense shade is so marked that it is actually dangerous to seek shelter from the sun, when overheated, in the shade of tree or jungle. Pneumonia is commonly produced in this way, and many of the pulmonary complaints arising in the island may be traced to injudicious cooling off beneath umbrageous natural arbors. A bit of superstition exists in the minds of the untutored natives to the effect that certain large trees which form bowers of shade exhale poisonous, noxious vapors, and that those who unwittingly or foolishly rest beneath them die with frightful pains in the chest and back, the true explanation being, of course, that acute congestion is superinduced.

The rainfall of Puerto Rico is very copious, estimated in its annual quantity, but the amount at any specific point varies greatly from year to year and month to month; also some portions of the island are better watered by the dews of heaven than others.

In April and May the spring rains begin to drop their waters from the sky, and it is no uncommon thing for it to pour down in heavy torrents almost constantly for two or three weeks, this incessant rain usually occurring on the northern half of the island, well up in the mountains. During such periods the roads are impassable for saddle or pack animals, and it is almost impossible for human beings to travel on foot over the trails.

During the interval from May to September there is little rain—that is, comparatively little rain for a tropical country; it must be understood that in Puerto Rico a day never passes without rain falling somewhere in the mountain country, but between the scheduled rainy seasons it does not pour down for hours and days, but comes in quick driving showers of a few minutes, usually late in the afternoon, and clears up with the dying sun, when one is almost paid for the discomforts of a drenching by the rare effects of a sky filled with glorious crimsoned clouds and double rainbows.

The alarming stories of months of constant precipitation and deluge have no foundation in fact. It is known that the average annual rainfall at Havana is but a few inches more than in New York, though these statistics will not serve as a basis for judging the rainfall of the interior or mountainous regions, where the total annual precipitation is much greater. It is not probable that the yearly fall of rain, measured in inches, varies greatly in Cuba from that in Puerto Rico. Rains come more quickly and fall harder in a given time in the tropics than in more temperate climes, but there is the comforting compensation of their seldom lasting for more than a few minutes at a time. If these tropical countries had the same firm soils and as good roadways, complaints would never be advanced against the watery weather.

The northern half of the island—that is, the portion which lies to the northward of the great mountain water-shed—has never known a drought, though near the coast-line several weeks have occasionally passed without rain during the dry season. The southern half, on the contrary—particularly the southeastern section—has at times been without a drop of moisture on its coast-skirting soil for over three months, and it is related by the inhabitants of Vieques that a score of years ago the population had to bring fresh drinking-water from the main island, so general and lasting was the dried up condition of their own.

During the summer interval the weather is very stifling and oppressive on the coast, though in the high mountain regions it is quite pleasant. The morning hours are usually without a breath of air, and the heat is relieved only when the sea-breezes set in, about twelve o'clock, growing constantly stronger until five or six o'clock in the afternoon. Another period of breathless quiet occurs from this time until eight or nine in the evening, when the cool dew-laden land-breezes flowing down the mountain-sides make it necessary to close the doors against the chilling dampness. The motionless hours of dusk are the most trying portion of the day, for small blood-letting mosquitoes fill the air with humming wings, and it is utterly impossible to protect one's self from their poisonous lances.

The early historians record frightful devastation by hurricanes in the months of July and August. During the years 1825 and 1837 the general destruction of property and crops was so great that one writer was inclined to believe that these dire visitations would always be a great "deduction" from the value of West-Indian property. It is true that during the hot weather of July and August cyclonic winds arise, accompanied by thunder and lightning, but it has been many years since a storm of any far-reaching violence has visited Puerto Rico. From personal inquiry among many men on the island, in respect to the frequency and strength of these hurricanes, it may be safely stated that these winds are usually puny affairs as compared to our own cyclones of the broad prairies, and as a generation may elapse between those of the roaring, death-dealing type, much sensationalism need hardly be developed.

In September and a portion of October the autumnal deluges begin, and, after some of the terrific cloud-bursts, the whole face of the earth is actually covered with a quickly disappearing lake, the tiny streams become raging torrents, and the rivers vast floods which overflow the bottom-lands for miles on either side.

In October the prevailing north and northeast winds release the population from the thraldom of heat and rain. From this time on until the spring rains supervene, Puerto Rico possesses a lovely climate.

The dryness of the southern side of the island may here be accounted for by pointing out that the persistent winds from the north have their moisture stolen from them on the northern side of the high mountains, which act as a screen to prevent the rain from being carried to the south. A double range of mountains in the western half of the island still more effectually prevents the equal distribution of rainfall; hence the greater dryness of the section toward the southeast.

Much of the salubriousness of the Puerto-Rican climate, as compared with Cuba and the other neighboring islands, arises from the fact that the island has a remarkable number of fast-flowing rivers. Its exceptional fertility is due, in a measure, to the same cause. It is estimated that there are fifty-one large rivers and over twelve hundred small streams, creeks, and rivulets which find their way through the interlacing mountains, down deep gorges, and across fertile bottom-lands to the encircling ocean. One is simply amazed by the number of small, rapid streams which seem to gush out of the very mountain crests. There is hardly an area of a square mile which might not, if necessary, be irrigated, with small expense, from mountain streams. In the western half of the island, amid the mountain fastnesses, one sees, from dizzy mountain trails, exquisite sun-lit falls dropping in silver threads for two hundred feet over steep rock precipices, hidden at places in their descent by giant ferns and clusters of flowering plants. From the depths of the huge ravines rises the sound of tumbling waters, but the rivers are hidden from the eye by the mass of tropical growth. These streams give to the rural inhabitants an abundance of fresh potable water, so essential to the maintenance of good health; from them also might be derived much power for running machinery, for while they do at times become raging torrents, they never fall below a certain normal level. Again, much of the wonderful fertility of the lowlands is directly attributable to overflowing freshets, which, several times a year, deposit a mountain-gathered load of rich silt. This one factor alone, of innumerable streams which vivify the air and land alike, makes Puerto Rico a place of habitation preferable to any of the other islands of the West Indies.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—THE PHILIPPINES

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

ALONG THE SHORES OF THE LAGUNA DE BAY IN A DUGOUT

MANILA, *December 30, 1898.*

IN these days, when theoretic and actual jurisdictions are in conflict, any one who travels beyond our lines does so at his peril; for neither the American nor the insurgent authorities will give passes. It was, no doubt, to escape the dull monotony of garrison life, varied only by occasional panic-breeding rumors of impending insurgent attacks on the city, local scandal, and the "Game of Strategy," that, bent on adventure, we started in a dugout up the Pasig River. Our own outposts lounging about the huts at the river's edge hailed us.

"Hullo, there! Any American soldiers in that boat?"

"No."

"I don't see how you can tell whether they are American soldiers or not, Jim," remarked his companion. "Let them pass."

Further up the stream the insurgent guard came hurrying down to the river-bank to jabber with our boatman.

"Man gang dang gavi pi," said the sentinel, gutturally.

"Pang pang dang Americano lang na gang," answered our boatman.

It was some time before we were allowed to move on again. Aguinaldo had issued an order allowing Americans to travel in the interior, it is true, but at the same time forbidding them to make drawings, to take photographs, or in any way to examine the country for military purposes. Although we were allowed to pass through the insurgent outposts, we learned later, to our annoyance, that this order was really intended to prevent Americans from travelling in the interior.

Where the waters of the Laguna de Bay begin to push towards the sea in many slowly winding passages over mud flats and water-covered swamps, finally to join into one stream, is Pasig, the home of the Pasig cabbage and the paradise of the lazy native. Here the native has two occupations—fishing and bathing. He fishes from the windows and steps of his home. He fishes from little bamboo platforms floating in the water, and from dugouts. He even fishes when bathing. Seldom, if ever, does he catch anything, but that does not affect the persistent indifference with which he pursues his occupation. It is as if his embryo conscience were stilled into soporific self-satisfaction by this purely formal imitation of work. When the Tagalo is not perched in some odd spot with a rod and line, he is bathing. We saw family after family wallowing in the water like seals—indeed, their life seemed one long bath. The women do not take off the bright-colored cloth which, wound about their body, takes the place of a skirt, but go into the water dressed in amphibious clothing whose scantiness is its sole excuse.

This people never build their huts on the healthy bluff a little back from the water, but always down in the malarious mud-holes. They are much like snakes in habits and disposition. Forman says that the fish diet—for they hardly know the taste of meat—causes sores to break out on their bodies. To the existence of these skin diseases I can testify, for about the Laguna de Bay there are whole hamlets where no individual is free from running sores, which do not in any way seem to affect the general health or happiness of the people.

We picked out a dry spot near the head of the river to eat our lunch on, but a cheerful old lady with her nose and one eye eaten up with leprosy drove us away. At last we found a secluded spot, and even here, as we put a little ice which we had brought along into some water, a few natives gathered curiously about to watch. They had never seen or heard of ice before, and dropped the small piece we gave them, saying that it burned. One more enterprising boy than the rest, little dreaming that it would melt before he got home, wrapped it up in an old rag to take away.

Beyond the villages, on the edge of the Laguna, where the mud will not bear even the weight of a bamboo hut on stilts, grows the Pasig cabbage—small cabbagelike plants which float in millions on the surface of the water. The Pasig cabbage is the only reliable thing in the island; all the other inhabitants of the Philippines have contracted the mañana (to-morrow) habit. When you have lost your faith in the stability of human nature, go to the Puente de España, the bridge that crosses the river from old to new Manila, and there, whether it be under the hot sun when the rush of men or carriages blocks the bridge, or under the still moon when all the city sleeps and the cool breeze comes softly from the sea, you will always find the Pasig cabbage true to itself and its traditions, floating in small and great colonies, from its home in the Laguna down to the ocean.

We crossed a narrow arm of the Laguna, and stopped at the village of Santa Rosa. The torpid natives awoke to see the Americanos. Had we all been Pied Pipers of Hamelin we could not have excited more interest among the children, two hundred of them surrounding us. At first they were afraid and kept at a respectful distance, looking at us with great black questioning eyes. Their timidity soon wore off, however, and when one of our party made the mistake of patting one little fellow on the head, a pleased shout went up, and women and children closed in about us to examine our clothing, our shoes, and even to feel of our hands. When we stopped at a little booth to buy some fruit, the crowd stopped too, and listened to our broken Spanish with breathless attention. A few of them understood Spanish, the rest did not. It appeared there was nothing to eat in the village except radishes and bananas; at least no one made a move to get us any food, if there was any to be had; so we bought radishes and bananas, and took to our boat once more. The little black children, nearly naked, wading into the water, hung to the sides of our dugout, laughing and shouting, fingering whatever they could lay their hands on, and asking for money. We gave a few cents to a crippled boy, whereupon his mother, seeing her advantage, kept urging the boy forward to ask for more. At last a naughty boy splashed some water on one of the girls. There was a hysterical shriek, and each one began splashing his neighbor. Amid this joyous rollic we shoved off, just in time to escape an involuntary bath. When we were a few rods from shore, the people cried to us that the chiefs or elders of the town had come to find out what we wanted; but as we did not care to see the elders, we moved on.

Afterwards we discovered that in every pueblo (town) there is a military governor, or presidente, with several subordinate officers and a force of soldiers. In the subdivisions of the pueblo there are chiefs, or elders, appointed to represent the revolutionary government. All these men are members of the Catapumin secret society. In this way Aguinaldo and his followers hold the country—at least in this neighborhood—well within their control.

Night was approaching, and the stretch of the Laguna lay before us, with the dark delf-blue hills in the background. The sun dropped on his saffron bed behind the horizon, while the southern clouds, peeping through their great puffy gauze veils, turned crimson. The boatmen would row no farther, and we stopped on the beach to ask the natives for a house to sleep in. The crowd gathered as usual, but this time it was more serious. The excitement was so great that it took us half an hour to get a house, and after that it was impossible to get anything to eat. The people wanted to see us, but they did not seem inclined to do anything for us. At last we got one chicken and some rice, and ate surrounded by little brown natives. They scrambled into the windows, the boys climbed into the rafters of the nipa roof to look down upon us. It was a curious sight in the narrow circle of light given by a single cocoanut-oil lamp. The throng made the air stifling.

"Is it not possible to have these people go away for a few minutes?" we asked.

"Have patience, señor," said our host. "The people wish to see the Americanos."

At last, when the sick people of the village began to come in to be cured by touching us, the nuisance became unbearable. An old man with stomach trouble put his hands on my ribs, and an old woman with a swollen nose wished to touch our noses. The lame, the blind, and, worst of all, lepers pushed their way towards us. In self-defence we had to put an end to our miraculous clinic. With much trouble our host cleared our room, and we stretched ourselves on the floor to sleep. Alas! we had hardly found the soft places in the split-bamboo floor than the door opened and in filed the four elders of the village. They saluted us with their bolos (knives), and, drawing a bench into the room, sat down in a line opposite us. Before this formal display of insurgent authority we gathered up our dignity and our loose clothing.

"Why do you come here?" was the first question.

"To see the people," we answered, honestly.

The elders looked sceptical.

"Have you passes?"

"No."

"It is necessary to have passes to travel."

The moment was critical; something had to be done.

"Passes are not necessary," said our bold man. "We have just come from Malolos, and if you interfere with us we will make it very uncomfortable for you with the Philippine government."

This remark produced a great effect. The elders looked at each other, then the spokesman said:

"Very well. We will not interfere with you. All we want is a drink of wine."

This was a tender point. We only had one bottle of wine, and we were saving that for an emergency. However, we sacrificed it on the altar of diplomacy.

Once more we were left alone, and thought we might get a little sleep. It was getting on towards one in the morning. Suddenly there was a tap at the door of our room, and one of the elders stuck his head through the door.

"Pardon me, señor," he said; "some friends of mine have come several miles to see the Americanos. May I let them in?"

There was no resisting such a complimentary visit, so we held a last levee, and finally fell asleep under the flickering light from a lighted wick swinging in a bowl of cocoanut oil, while the villagers peered at us through the cracks in the bamboo walls.

We got up early to avoid the crowd, but they were up before us. They pushed around us and touched our cheeks, to make sure that the white paint did not rub off.

"Surely they are Castilians, they are so white," said the women.

"Are you glad the Americans have come?" we asked.

"Yes," they all answered, "we are very glad."

About our dugout they were so persistent that they broke down the bamboo out-riggers, and our boatman cleared the situation by getting after them with his paddle. It was evident to us why Aguinaldo does not care to have Americans travel in the interior. He must know how impulsive the people are.

After that we did not stop until we arrived at Calamba. A little experience of Filipino friendliness and curiosity goes a long way. Calamba we found to be a small town of dirty streets and irregular huts. The natives seemed larger and of better physique than in Manila. Their brown arms stood out with great knots of muscles. Here we wanted to hire horses to ride to the volcano of Taal, a distance of three hours, but the price demanded was forty dollars, and we had been told not to pay more than ten. So in anger we decided to return to Manila, and once more took to our "banka." We had not gone far when we were overtaken by two boat-loads of burly natives, who told us that we would have to return to Calamba, as the presidente of the town wished to see us. Unwillingly we returned to meet the presidente, accompanied by his staff, young fellows in neat uniforms, with gilded tassels to their swords.

"What are you doing here?" asked the self-important presidente.

"Seeing the country and the people," we answered.

"Have you passes?"

"No."

"Have you any camera or field-glasses?"

There was the camera in the bottom of the boat, but the bold man of the party was nothing daunted.

"Look for yourself," he said, waving his hand with dignity towards the boat.

Neither the presidente nor his staff knew a camera when they saw one, but they would not betray themselves, and looked knowingly into the boat, then at each other, and said,

"No, there is none."

"How many American soldiers are there in Manila?" was the next question.

"From fifteen to twenty thousand men," we answered.

"We are putting our army on a basis of one million men," said a young insurgent lieutenant.

"It really does not matter," said our bold man.

"Why not?" asked the presidente.

"Because we have seventy-five million people at home."

"But your soldiers here are not brave," remarked the presidente. "They ran away when the Spaniards fired at them on the day you went into Manila."

"Very likely," answered our bold man; "but we have several brands. We can send you over a tribe of Indians, or a colony of Polish Jews, or, if you want a real good fight, we might turn some of the tigers of Tammany Hall loose over here."

As most of this last harangue was delivered in English, the presidente and his staff did not thoroughly understand it, and looking at us suspiciously, finally decided that we had better go up to the government building, where the examination would be continued.

At the government building we were plied with many questions. In vain we said that we were simple travellers seeing the country; the presidente did not believe us. We overheard them saying among themselves that it would be better to keep us and send word of our capture to Malolos. It would take five days to take the news of our detention to Malolos, and then another week of negotiations would be necessary, and we did not care to remain prisoners for eight days in a Philippine village, with nothing but rice to eat. What was to be done? Once more our bold man stepped to the front.

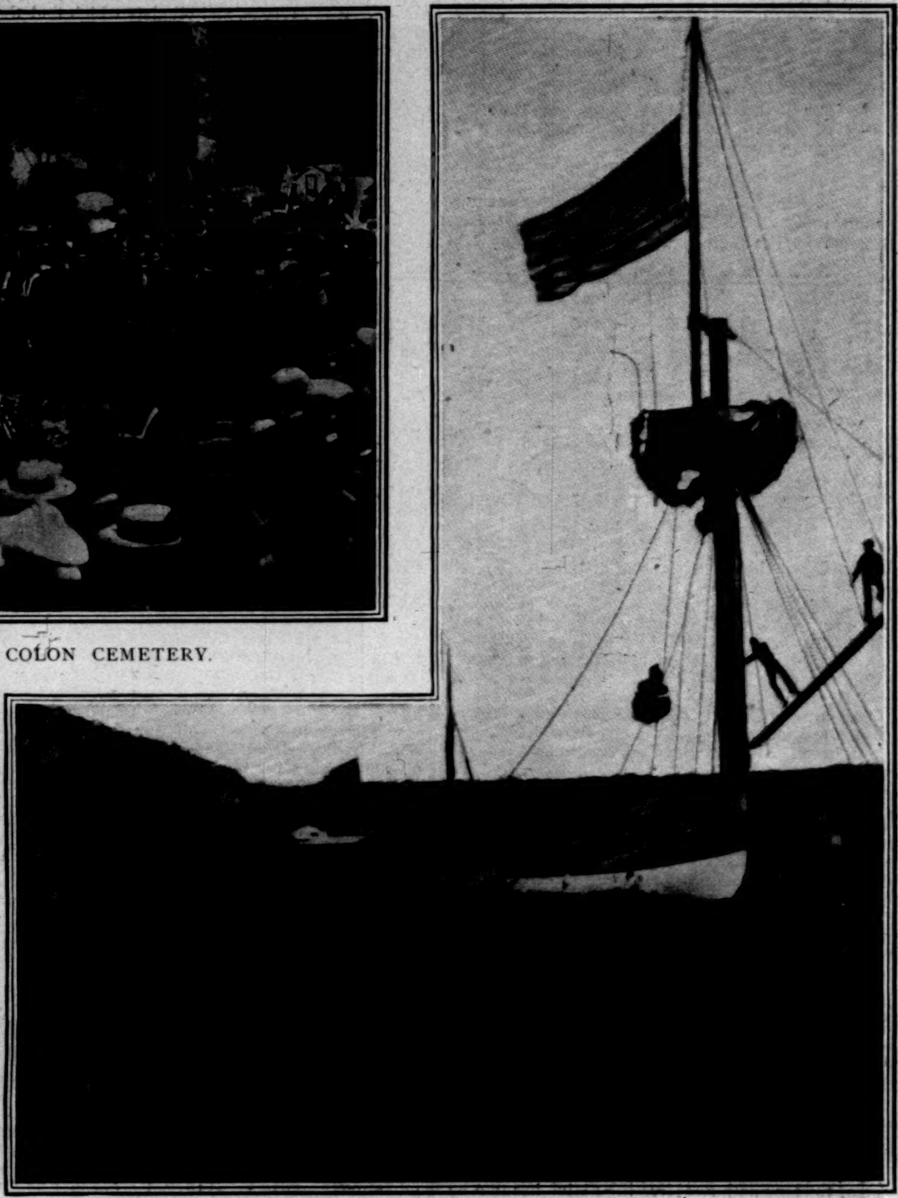
"Señor Presidente, now that we are alone, I don't mind telling you that we are great friends of the Señor Presidente Don Emilio Aguinaldo. Of course we enjoy your hospitality greatly, but if we should be detained much longer, on our next visit to Aguinaldo we might be obliged to report the matter."

The presidente looked at his staff, the staff looked at the presidente.

"Señor," said the presidente, "we have no intention of detaining you. Muchacho, bring some beer for the gentlemen. Whenever you wish to go you may; and when you go to Malolos, I hope you will say that you were well treated in Calamba."

Ten minutes later we were on our way to Manila. The name of Don Emilio Aguinaldo is indeed a name to conjure with.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES AT THE COLON CEMETERY.



DECORATING THE WRECK WITH FLOWERS.

DECORATIONS IN MERCED CHURCH

CREW OF THE U. S. S. "BROOKLYN" ENTERING COLON CEMETERY TO TAKE PART IN THE SERVICES.

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE AT THE GRAVES OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD.—PHOTO. BY E. C. ROST.

THE GRAVES DECORATED.

HAVANA—THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISASTER TO THE U. S. S. "MAINE," FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

PARIS

February 18, 1899.

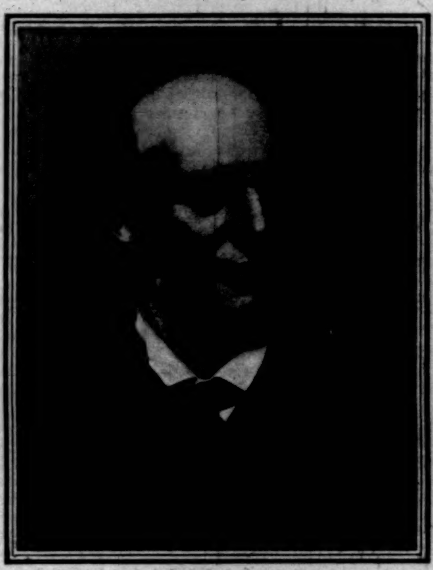
VICTIM of political contentions though she be, France is at least spared the affliction of a prolonged Presidential campaign. It is but forty-eight hours since the news of President Faure's death ran along the boulevards from group to group of pleasure-seekers homeward bound, and already the election is a thing of the past, and Paris has seen the arrival at the Elysée of her new Chief Magistrate—the seventh President of the Third Republic.

All day a ceaseless stream of people has poured through the Elysée, where the body of the late President is lying in state; and now, in the darkening streets around the palace, silent groups are constantly passing and repassing, lifting their hats before the principal entrance, and surveying with curious eyes the privileged few who are allowed to pass the line of gendarmes at the gates. Within, the wide north front of the Presidential residence is draped across its entire width with superb hangings of black and silver, bearing the national monogram, many times repeated, and below these canopies the glass galleries gleam with the light of a hundred tall candles.

The day, however, has been almost entirely free from the disorder which, if one may judge from their astonishing display of force, the authorities seemed to expect. Long before the departure of the Deputies the main points of military centralization were surrounded by gendarmerie and troops, waiting the order to proceed to their various stations; and as, at eleven o'clock, we ran out to Versailles in the special train, every bridge and crossway on the line showed us its guard, standing picturesquely against a background of clear spring sky, like a sketch by Meissonier or Detaille, mutely eloquent of much that might, but fortunately did not, happen.

For this meeting of the National Assembly, which at long intervals transforms a sleepy little suburb into a centre of political activity, Versailles had assumed her holiday attire and turned her entire population into the streets. Train after train brought its quota of curious spectators, who hastened to stow themselves in the trams and omnibuses, which ten minutes later emptied them out upon the wide Place du Château.

Within the palace, as the hour of assembly approached, the scene was one of extraordinary animation, the corridors being filled with a constantly moving throng of public men, eagerly discussing the results of the coming election, even then a foregone conclusion. Here were Méline, earnestly protesting against the wish of his supporters to oppose his candidature to that of Loubet; the sensationalist Paul Déroulède, talking with every feature and with his hands as well; Brisson, Drumont, Cavaignac, Deschanel, Waldeck-Rousseau, and the burly form of Dupuy; Legitimus, the incongruous-looking colored Deputy; and that irrepressible royalist Baudry d'Asson.



BARON HERSCHELL.
Died March 1, 1899.—[See Page 237.]
Photograph by Gutekunst.

The uproar broke out as soon as the President of the Senate, Monsieur Loubet, ascended the rostrum and declared the congress convened. The dignity of the presiding officer and the repose of his strong sad face made a striking contrast to the sea of waving arms and excited faces surging before him, and that he succeeded at any stage of the proceedings in evoking order from the chaos seemed to be little less than a miracle.

The Salle de l'Assemblée Nationale, where the congress met, is not over-large for the purpose. It is hung with tapestries from the famous Gobelins manufactory, and furnished with crimson arm-chairs and small desks ranged in semicircles in front of the rostrum. Two great urns received, one in the form of paper ballots and the other in the shape of balls, the votes of the electors, who advanced, one by one, as their names were called, the monotony being pleasingly relieved by the fact that every fourth or fifth Deputy attempted to make a speech, and was forcibly restrained by the sergeants-at-arms.

To those of us who saw the election from the gallery it seemed to be hardly more than a meaningless clamor—as when, a letter having been drawn and the announcement made that the voting would begin with D, a veritable pandemonium was started by the cry, "We begin with Dreyfus," very distinctly shouted from one of the rear seats. It was a bewildering picture. The Deputies rose in their places, shouting sentences, of which one heard but a word or two, and altercating with one another over some entirely unintelligible point. The tumult began nowhere, ending in nothing. The cries were surprisingly varied, ranging as they did from "Vive l'armée!" oftenest repeated, to "Vive l'Empereur!" the former being invariably warmly applauded and seconded, and the latter the signal for a storm of hilarious groans. But over eight hundred votes had been cast at three o'clock, and when the President of the Senate had descended from the rostrum, and his place had been taken by Vice-President Franck-Chauveau, we heard the welcome news that the first ballot had been decisive, and that the late presiding officer of this electoral congress had become the Chief Magistrate of France.

It was a relief to find ourselves once more outside the palace gates and able to breathe pure air. During the session of the congress the crowd had greatly increased, and as the result of the election became known, it was soon seen to be far from popular. It was not an enthusiastic assemblage that continued to wait two hours longer for the new President's departure for Paris.

This interval was diversified by the passing of prominent Deputies, each one the object of demonstrations, more or less noisy, according as his admirers numbered many or few. Méline, the first to leave, received, as champion of the army, so great an ovation that one might readily have taken his carriage for that of the President, had it not been for the long line of helmets and cuirasses, motionless and gleaming in the last rays of the sun, at the palace doors. Then, one after another, came Brisson, familiarly hailed as "Vieux brave" by the unceremonious crowd; Cavaignac, walking between two friends, and bowing to right and left with his invariable smile; and, after many others, Paul Déroulède, who plans his exits and his entrances with an eye to dramatic effect, and whose magnificent manner and enormous hat were admirably calculated to throw his admirers into paroxysms of enthusiasm. With the sole exception of Méline, he received the greatest ovation of the day, and it was with an air of unbounded satisfaction that he walked slowly to the railway station, surrounded by the crowd of hoodlums that always follow at his heels. Truly at Versailles the cheers were all for the vanquished, the hisses for the victor.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, when, for the last time, the gates of the palace were thrown open and the Presidential carriage made its appearance. Fresh from his two hours of flattery and congratulation, the President drove down the long court, and, hat in hand, looked out across the square, black with its waiting thousands. As he first came into our view there arose a fierce shout, "A bas Loubet!" followed by the crueler cry of "Pa-na-ma! Pa-na-ma!" It was a pitiful thing to see this man, newly crowned with the highest honors of a great nation, shrink and draw back before the jeers of the rabble that thronged his way and cried him down in the hour of his success.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Brig.-Gen. Clous, U. S. V., Secretary. Major-Gen. James F. Wade, U. S. V. Captain Hart, Interpreter.
Major-Gen. Matthew C. Butler, U. S. V. Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson.

THE JOINT AMERICAN AND SPANISH COMMISSION FOR THE EVACUATION OF CUBA.
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

LONDON

February 18, 1899.

IN my last letter I stated that the things that were talked about in Parliament were not of so much importance as other matters talked about in society. This week, however, an amendment to an Address proposed by Mr. MacNeill, an Irish Nationalist, declaring the position of a director of a public company to be incompatible with the position of a minister of the crown, has engaged general attention, and notwithstanding the pleadings of partisan organs, its treatment by the government has sensibly weakened the position of the ministry. It is true that Mr. MacNeill's amendment has been rejected by a majority of 104, but nobody believes that this division represents with any accuracy the balance of opinion in the House of Commons or in the country. Financial chastity in their rulers is a matter on which the English people feel acutely. The demand for character in public life has increased since Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and in the last five-and-twenty years there has been a marked growth in this healthy instinct on the part of the newly enfranchised people. Her Majesty's ministers are some of them rich and some of them poor. When they take office under the crown, it is often a matter of considerable sacrifice—for some of them, at all events—to lay down the well-paid directorships of public companies held by them. In some cases the acceptance of office is a relief from pecuniary anxiety.

For many generations there has been no financial scandal in connection with the highest office under the crown, though in four instances ministers have had to resign their offices in consequence of financial corruption associated with their names. The younger Pitt first obtained the affection and confidence of the nation by refusing to appoint himself to an office of profit, vacant at a time when he sorely needed the money, and when his private income did not exceed $1500 a year. Lord Beaconsfield, who was denounced from the beginning to the end of his life by his political opponents as an adventurer, and is still habitually spoken of as a Semitic soldier of fortune, was personally a poor man. In November, 1875, when Prime Minister, he secretly purchased from the Khedive of Egypt, through the house of Rothschild, 176,602 shares in the Suez Canal Company for the sum of $19,882,910. This transaction immediately raised the value of Suez Canal shares and of all Egyptian securities to a very large extent, and would have enabled Mr. Disraeli to have enriched himself, if not beyond the dreams of avarice, at all events with a very comfortable fortune, without chance of discovery. It speaks well for the standard of honor and good faith prevalent in English public life that Dizzy's bitterest political opponents never hinted, even in private conversation, that he had used the opportunity for the purpose of enriching himself or his friends. Not a vestige of suspicion rests upon his name.

The country and House of Commons are determined that this standard of financial purity shall be maintained, whoever may suffer; and since the Hooley revelations have drawn public attention to the fact of prominent public men allowing their names to be used as bait on the front page of a prospectus to draw in the gullible and investing public, the undesirability of ministers of the crown retaining directorships of public companies has been further accentuated. The present facts of the case are as follows: Forty-four ministers of the crown constitute the present administration, and twenty-five of them hold forty-one directorships in public companies. The annual salaries of cabinet ministers amount in the aggregate to $467,500; the pay of ministers not in the cabinet amounts to $375,000. It is the rule in the civil service that no member shall hold a directorship in a public company, and it is generally felt that ministers of the crown who control the civil service should not be placed in any situation where they would be exposed to the necessity of choosing between public and private considerations—a temptation from which their staffs are compulsorily debarred.

The question is not a party one, and the politician who has brought it forward, though not unpopular in the House, is not specially qualified to take charge of the subject. Mr. Swift MacNeill was the hero of a fracas with Mr. Harry Furniss, formerly a *Punch* artist, in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. MacNeill felt aggrieved at the misrepresentation of his features in *Punch* by Mr. Furniss, and illustrated his power of repartee by striking the genial caricaturist over the head with a cane. It may be gathered from this incident that Mr. MacNeill is not the owner of features which would be earnestly sought after by artists in search of a model for the head of the Apollo Belvedere. Nevertheless, the historical knowledge and genial excitability of the honorable member give him a certain vogue, and his treatment of the question was accordingly accepted by his colleagues in the House of Commons with adequate respect.

It cannot be said that the Tory section of the ministry has improved its position over the debate. Mr. Chamberlain, who has the clearest head and the greatest practical knowledge of any cabinet minister, is not a director of any company. Mr. Chamberlain did not take part in the debate. Mr. Balfour is a child in these matters, and, as he himself has told us, has never made a shilling out of any company. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is a director of an insurance company, defended himself on the plea that, while other ministers might take their recreation at golf, he found rest for a brain wearied in the public service in attending the board meeting of a commercial company. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach further referred, not very happily, and with the vulnerable temper that he possesses, to the importance of being within the charmed circle of the insurance directorate in order to watch over the large family interests with which he was concerned. Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary, is a director of the Northeastern Railway. The Duke of Devonshire is a director of three companies, one of which manufactures steel, which may be, and is, used in the construction of ships of war. The Earl of Selborne, the Under Secretary for the Colonies, is a director of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, an undertaking always in close contact with the government of the day, and carrying out mail contracts of great value and importance.

It need not be said that the whole of the forty-one directorships now held by ministers of the crown are concerned with solid business. There is no question raised by anybody of "guinea-pigs," or of selling names for the purpose of attracting the public; but ministers of the crown are highly in request on the boards of great railways, steam-navigation companies, water companies, and chartered companies, because, however little money they bring, and however few attendances they may give to their boards, they establish contact with the government of the day, and if the working management of the companies in question desire to influence the administration, it is advantageous to have among their directors one who is himself a member of the government.

Although nothing was openly said on the matter in the House of Commons, everybody was thinking of a case in which a member of a late ministry signed a contract between the government and a public company a few minutes before he went out of office, and shortly after quitting his ministerial post joined the board of the company in respect of which he had contracted with himself as minister on behalf of the then government. This, coupled with the Hooley baronetcy incident, has tended to make an unpleasant impression on the public mind.

Lord Salisbury is far too busy to concern himself with such things as ministerial directorships. Mr. Gladstone was a financial purist. He insisted on the resignation of ministerial directorships, and he rightly interpreted the profound jealousy of great capitalist undertakings and monopolies which begins to play so large a part in English public life. The general sense of the House of Commons, which is a miniature of the feeling of the country, is that these monopolies, trusts, and industrial enterprises should stand on their own bottoms, and, at all events, should not be represented by advocates and paid delegates in the camp of the administration of the day. The division in the House of Commons represented nothing except that Unionists are not going to turn out Lord Salisbury at the invitation of an Irish Nationalist. The lesson, however, had better be taken to heart by the ministers concerned, and the directorships be resigned, or the thoughtful elector will show at the polls that he will have no paltering with this question of ministerial directorships.

The demand for purity in public life is by no means confined to Parliament. Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, was the spokesman of a very large section of the community in a speech he has this week delivered on the desirability of an alteration in the law relating to the formation of companies. The present system of company-promoting, and the taking of illicit commissions by directors, is a social canker; for capitalist businesses in which the proprietors have escaped with the cash, and cynically left their dupes to their inevitable fate, are unfortunately too common. Lord Russell protests against these processes of robbery, which are eating into the commercial system of Britain.

The anxiety that is felt as to the future of France, now that she is plunged once more into uncertainty, owing to the sudden death of the President, is partly, though not obviously, due to the commercial distrust excited by the cosmopolitan money-lending community, who set the fashion of getting money at any cost. Lord Russell will have nothing to do with the plea of not making provisions too stringent for fear of frightening honest men from serving on boards. England is a commercial nation, and Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour are not commercial men, and hence do not appreciate to the full extent the danger that would follow if certain French practices were introduced into English public life. The government is pledged to bring in a measure dealing with company law, which was introduced in the House of Lords by the Earl of Dudley, who is not a business man. There is an Augean stable to cleanse, and, in the opinion of the best judges of public affairs whom I have had the opportunity of consulting, the matter is far more important than most of the subjects that occupy Parliamentary attention.

Arnold White.

The Filipino Leaders

BY FRANK D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London, *February 16, 1899.*

WHEN Aguinaldo moved the bulk of his forces out of the province of Cavité, early in September, and established his headquarters at Malolos, it was, in a way, a repetition of the same strategy he had pursued in his struggle against the Spaniards in 1896 and 1897. It might well be asked, Why the province of Cavité at all?—for it is much less favorably situated for offensive and defensive movements than the northern provinces, is open to easy attack from the sea and from the Laguna de Bay, and is, moreover, not a particularly rich or prosperous district. The Filipinos, like all Malays, have a strong love of locality. Aguinaldo was born in the province of Cavité. He is sure of his following there, and he moved away only under pressure of strong necessity, both in 1897 and in 1898. A Filipino out of his own province has neither honor nor renown, as a rule, and the bitterest jealousies and rivalries are said to exist between the self-appointed leaders in the different provinces which are under the domination of the revolutionary party. Following the plan of the Spaniards to a certain extent, each province is under a military chief; but among the insurgents these leaders are self-appointed, and have, by force of character and energetic action, assembled a sufficient strength of followers to be able to subdue any local opposition and to levy contributions on the natives. These leaders pulled together against the Spaniards, in so far that they captured or defeated all the isolated military posts within a few weeks after the occupation of Manila by the United States troops, but there was no concerted action between them, and, indeed, they frequently refused to acknowledge Aguinaldo's authority. In many notable instances this independence of action was very pronounced. Pio del Pilar, a leader of unsavory reputation even among the Filipinos, but a man of great energy and strength of will, absolutely refused to move out of the suburbs of Manila in response to the orders of Aguinaldo, following the ultimatum of General Otis. Aguinaldo asserted that he was unable to discipline Pio del Pilar—but the truth of this statement cannot be vouched for. He did finally succeed in enforcing his orders by gradually withdrawing his troops from the command of Pilar, until his force was too small to be threatening. It was probably the troops of Pilar which opened the recent attack at Santa Mesa, and it has always been with him and his men that the most of the friction has been developed. He sent his emissaries into Manila to collect taxes at the markets, and it was he who appointed civil officers in the town, issued permits to the Filipinos to carry arms, and on various occasions made attempts to kidnap Spaniards within the American lines. His brother, Gregorio del Pilar, is a popular chief in the province of Bulacan, Tomaso Mascardo rules in the province of Pampanga, and Macabulus in the four rich provinces of Pangasinan, Nueva Ecija, Turlae, and Zambaies. The last has long been in the north what Aguinaldo has been in Cavité—the people's idol. He is a young man not yet thirty, and has raised the most important part of the insurgent army, besides contributing, at his own pleasure, considerable sums to the treasury—all from the funds captured in the rich monastical institutions in the north. On one occasion, shortly after the first insurgent congress was held at Malolos, Macabulus sent thirty-five thousand dollars in cash to Aguinaldo; probably a very small proportion of what he had sequestered. But Macabulus is even more independent than the others I have mentioned. Aguinaldo, who was naturally jealous of the rising fame and power of the northern chief, proposed on one occasion to transfer him to the command of a detachment of troops in another part of the island; but when Macabulus heard of this, he sent word to the dictator that if he wanted to send him away he would first have to conquer his four provinces. These incidents are only of importance to chronicle because they show how little cohesion there was among the insurgent forces before the open rupture with our troops. Time will show how much the necessities of their new enterprise will serve to hold them together against an active enemy.

The country where the fighting is now going on is far less difficult than the territory south of the town, where for a month our troops wallowed in fetid mud in the height of the rainy season. It is now the most healthful time of the year in the Philippines. There is a steady northeast monsoon, very little rain, a lower temperature, and thus no typhoons are to be feared. At Caloocan the high ground begins, and for a considerable distance to the north the railway runs through pleasant uplands. At frequent intervals there are long lines of intrenchments, which were thrown up by the insurgents as they drove the Spaniards into the town, and at certain points there are strongly fortified posts in good strategic positions. Malolos is about twenty miles from Manila, and is a large rambling market-town, with an enormous monastery and church, situated on an arm of the sea, or shallow river, which is usually packed full of canoes and lighters laden with the nipa thatch, which is shipped from this port in great quantities. The country all about is low and level, and there is no reason to expect that, except perhaps for sentimental reasons, the insurgents would think it worth while to concentrate at the seat of their government. To the east of the railway the hills are not many miles away, and the probability is that if the natives are pushed hard enough they will retire in that direction.

The stronghold of Biacnabató, which they occupied when they made terms with the Spaniards in December, 1897, is to the northeast of Caloocan, on a lofty spur of the hills, and is believed by the natives to be impregnable. At this season of the year it is practicable to move artillery over all the roads, and a few modern guns would undoubtedly make it untenable in a short time. It is impossible to believe that the campaign will be a long one. It was the universal impression among the insurgents that the Americans could not fight—a belief which was started and actively developed by our persistent endeavors to keep the peace at almost any price. Now that they have found that they are not dealing with Spaniards, but with as fine a body of troops as the world has ever seen, they may have a belated appreciation of the folly of resistance and accept the inevitable.

We have been learning something about the Filipino character within the last day or two, and perhaps we may in the future waste less sympathy on the insurgent leader in his ambition to govern the Philippines. He has not consulted the wishes of the people about the government; he has simply established one of a kind by force of arms, and he is entitled to about as much respect and honor as any other half-savage dictator. It is quite true that Aguinaldo is reputed to have miraculous powers: that he is said to be impregnable, that no mortal weapon can harm him, and that his followers, when going into action, often carry in their mouth a slip of parchment with his magic name written on it, which, they believe, will protect them from harm. But it is also true that these superstitions concerning the young leader prevail only among the Tagals, and are scouted at as ridiculous by the Ilocans and other tribes in Luzon. With the people of the north provinces the name of Macabulus is much more potent than that of Aguinaldo, and to him they attribute much of the same magic. The Filipinos are intensely superstitious, inordinately vain, and, like all people of the Malay stock, treacherous—that is, they have no code of honor or morals as regards an enemy. Their superstitions have been largely worked on by the leaders of the rebellion, and every possible means is used to make the armed native believe that his cause is heaven-born. The officers distribute among the men little *ang-ting ang-ting*, or charms, with some image or word or the name of Aguinaldo written on them, and those who can afford to pay for them generally wear on the chest a large piece of cotton or linen, on which is rudely drawn in ink a number of symbols, Christian and heathen combined. The photographs printed last week of two of these large *ang-ting ang-ting* were in the possession of natives of the province of Bulacan. The soldiers have little or no fear of death when provided with a breastplate of this sort, and fight with the ardor and determination of savages. If we have to carry on a campaign against them, it will be found that they are a most harassing and difficult enemy in all the arts of uncivilized warfare—much the same as the North American Indians. They are able to march long distances without apparent fatigue, and the hardships of a campaign have no terrors for them, because they do not materially change their usual mode of life. They exist on rations that would not keep a European alive, at the most a handful or two of boiled rice at a meal, sometimes enriched by the addition of mud-fish or by frogs, both of which articles of native diet are abundant in the paddy-fields. One peculiarity I have often observed among the insurgent troops—they never seem to be thirsty. They carry no water-bottles, and in the hot weather apparently do not suffer from the incontrollable desire to drink, which proves so often disastrous to the health of a European. But a campaign against the natives is not a necessity. The simplest way of settling matters, if they do not settle themselves within a short time, is to buy the leaders off. It has been done before at a time when they had everything their own way. Now they have against them a vigorous and effective army and a powerful fleet, and the price would be lower, no doubt, and the bargain would be easily consummated. This suggestion argues that the insurgent cause is a usual one. It proved to be when the natives had real grievances to redress, and when from the stronghold at Biacnabató they dictated terms to the Spanish authorities. One of Aguinaldo's most trusted associates told me that, during the siege of Manila, whenever a Spanish emissary was brought to him to negotiate exchange of prisoners, or the like, he always asked, "Have you brought the money?" (meaning the remainder of the sum due him for selling his cause to the Spaniards). The answer was in the negative, of course, and then these interviews ended, and no negotiations were possible. Serious fighting is said to have taken place at Caloocan, but it was probably at the old Spanish lines, about half-way between the stations at Manila and Caloocan. Here the insurgents occupied the Spanish block-house No. 1, and their own lines about four hundred yards north, and, among other pieces, had two 6-inch smooth-bore ship guns on or near the railway line.

Diary of the Revolt

A PERPLEXING DESPATCH FROM DEWEY—"OUR ABBEYS AND OUR PRIORIES"—A MERCILESS POLICY IMPUTED.

Friday, February 24.—The following official despatches, of this date, were made public:

"*Secretary Navy, Washington:* For political reasons *Oregon* should be sent at once. [signed] Dewey."

"*Secretary Navy, Washington: Yorktown* arrived. *Charleston* and *Petrel* cruising around Philippine Islands. Affairs more quiet. [signed] Dewey."

"*Adjutant-General, Washington: Scandia* [which carried the Twentieth Regiment of regular infantry from San Francisco] arrived last night. On nights of 21st and 22d and yesterday morning, insurgent troops gained access to outskirts of city behind our lines. Many in hiding, and about 1000 intrenched themselves. Completely routed yesterday, with loss of killed and wounded about 500, and 200 prisoners. Our loss very slight. City quiet; confidence restored; business progressing. [signed] Otis."

The first of these despatches was given to the press at a time when the story of German participation in the recent uprising at Apia, Samoa,* had just been told in America, and of course, since the Subig Bay affair of last July, it had been easier for our people to assume unfriendliness on the part our kinsfolk the Germans than to suspect even Japan—although the Spaniards of the Philippines, in their day, used to keep a watchful eye on that "expanding" neighbor. No authoritative explanation of the phrase "for political reasons" was offered or could be obtained. Some of the newspapers did their utmost to make a sensation out of their own conjecture that "Dewey wanted the *Oregon* to fight the Germans." At the time when Admiral Dewey's despatch was sent, the *Oregon* was already four days out from Honolulu, having left that port February 20 for Manila, *viâ* Guam.

General MacArthur's division, north of Manila, was exposed to repeated attacks from the Filipinos at Malabon and beyond.

The church of San Francisco del Monte was used as a fort by a band of Filipinos, who killed several members of General Hale's brigade. It was bombarded by the Utah battery. With a curious modern difference, the words of Shakspere's *King John* will be found to apply to the fighting in the Philippines:

> Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
> This expedition's charge.

Saturday, February 25.—Twelve hundred persons suspected of connection with the incendiary plots were arrested. The threats to burn the old walled portion of Manila, and the business quarter north of the Pasig, were not carried into effect.

A despatch from Admiral Dewey announced that the gunboat *Petrel* had been sent to Cebu to take possession in the name of the United States. The adherents of Aguinaldo had already withdrawn from that city, as is shown by the following message from General Otis, dated at Manila, February 25: "Condition of affairs quiet; progressing favorably. Anxiety need not be felt in regard to the situation. Will send small body of troops to Cebu, where navy took quiet possession." Fifty sailors were landed from the *Petrel*. The native government offered no forcible resistance, but protested that they yielded to superior force, and at the request of foreign residents who wished to prevent a bombardment.

The German cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta* arrived at Manila.

Sunday, February 26.—Major-General Lawton, *en route* to Manila with the troops on the *Grant*, received a cable message from General Otis at Colombo, island of Ceylon, which was, in the amount of comment and conjecture to which it gave rise, rather like Dewey's *Oregon* despatch. General Otis cabled: "Situation critical. Your early arrival necessary."

The village of Mariquina, seven miles from Manila, was burned by the Filipinos.

A battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry, commanded by Major Goodale, sailed on the transport *Pennsylvania* for Cebu.

Monday, February 27.—General Otis declined to receive commissioners who, according to a press despatch, came "from Malolos, the seat of Aguinaldo's government, under a flag of truce," reported that "8000 rebels were anxious to surrender," and expressed the opinion that "Aguinaldo was inclined to accept pacific overtures." A despatch from Washington contained the statement that "the only instructions sent to Otis were to refuse all overtures, but, if the natives continue in a hostile attitude, to pursue them to the death."

It may at least be said that the merciless programme thus attributed to our government was expressed with suitable brutality.

The total losses of the American troops at Manila since the fires were, so far as reported, six killed and fifty-nine wounded.

Filipinos at Malabon fired upon the cruiser *Callao*. The monitor *Monadnock* shelled the Malabon church, demolishing it, and killing or driving out its garrison.

MARRION WILCOX.

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* See HARPER'S WEEKLY, February 25, 1899.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, as a baby food from the hour of birth, stands without a competitor, presenting as it does the most perfect preparation of milk for the use of infants.—[*Adv.*]

BEAUTY SHOW.

A UNIVERSAL Beauty Show is spoken of. It has often enough been repeated how unfailing and powerful is the influence of perfumes on feminine beauty. It has been remarked that the FUNKIA DU JAPON of ORIZA-LEGRAND is the preferred perfume of the prettiest women. We make incidentally this simple observation.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

ONLY one best, and that Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters; benefits both mind and body. Easy to get. All druggists. Label on bottle tells the Original—Abbott's.—[*Adv.*]

ADD 20 drops of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

No wine has a purer bouquet than COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE. It is the pure juice of the grapes fermented.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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KODAK SYSTEM

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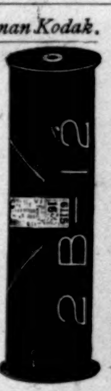

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The picture taking may then begin. The roll of a dozen exposures being completed the black paper covers all, and the cartridge can be removed as easily as it was inserted.

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Financial

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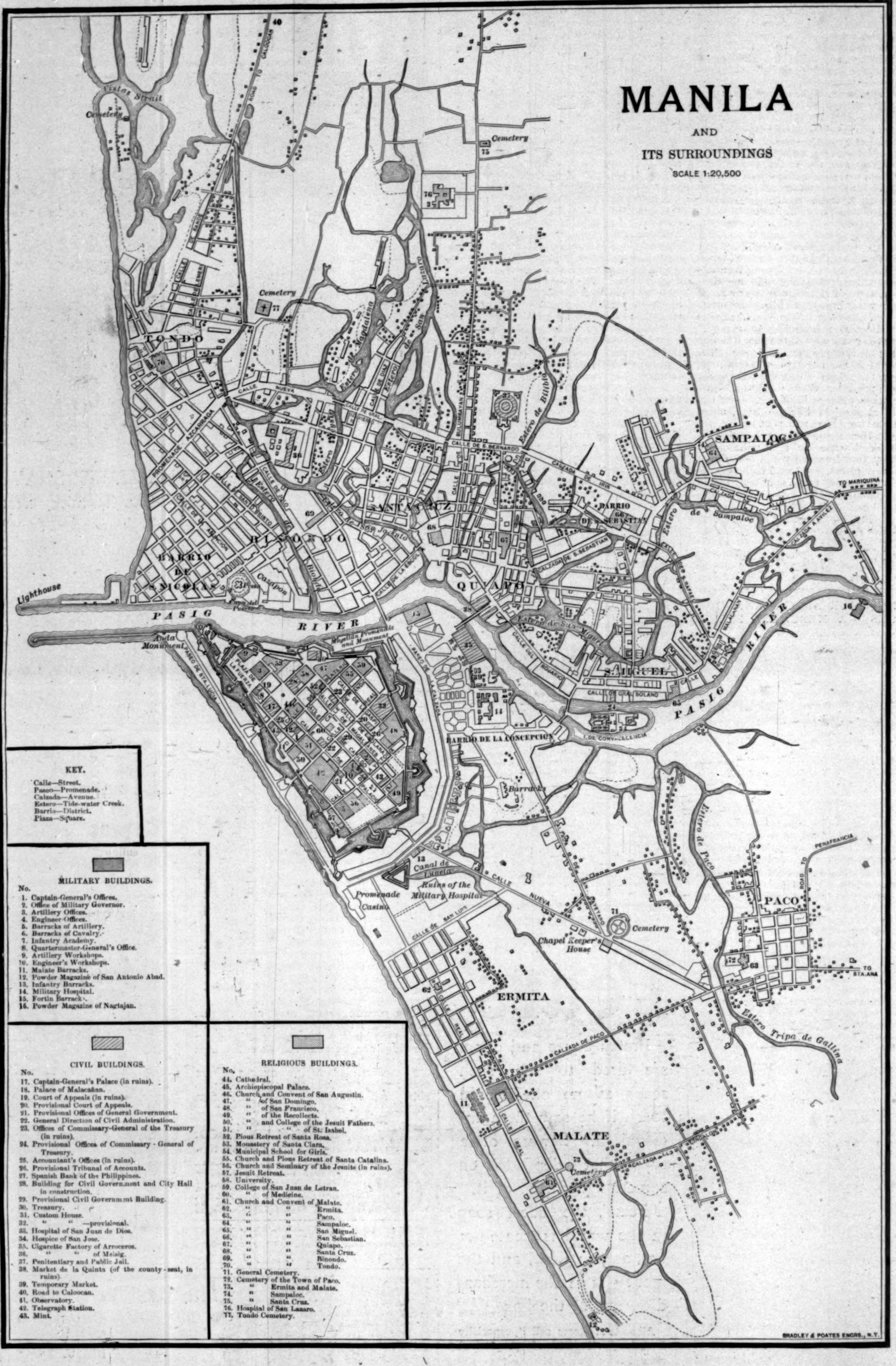

MANILA
AND
ITS SURROUNDINGS
SCALE 1:20,500
TONDO
BINONDO
BARRIO DE S. NICOLAS
SANTA CRUZ
QUIAPO
SAMPALOC
BARRIO DE S. SEBASTIAN
S. MIGUEL
BARRIO DE LA CONCEPCION
ERMITA
MALATE
PACO
PASIG RIVER
Lighthouse
Anda Monument
Cemetery
Canal de Tunetas
Ruins of the Military Hospital
Promenade
Casino
Chapel Keeper's House
Barracks
Estero de Sampaloc
Estero de Paco
Estero Tripa de Gallina
Vistas Strait
TO MARIQUINA
TO PEÑAFRANCIA
TO STA. ANA
KEY.
Calle—Street.
Paseo—Promenade.
Calzada—Avenue.
Estero—Tide-water Creek.
Barrio—District.
Plaza—Square.
MILITARY BUILDINGS.
No.
1. Captain-General's Offices.
2. Office of Military Governor.
3. Artillery Offices.
4. Engineer Offices.
5. Barracks of Artillery.
6. Barracks of Cavalry.
7. Infantry Academy.
8. Quartermaster-General's Office.
9. Artillery Workshops.
10. Engineer's Workshops.
11. Malate Barracks.
12. Powder Magazine of San Antonio Abad.
13. Infantry Barracks.
14. Military Hospital.
15. Fortin Barracks.
16. Powder Magazine of Nagtajan.
CIVIL BUILDINGS.
No.
17. Captain-General's Palace (in ruins).
18. Palace of Malacañan.
19. Court of Appeals (in ruins).
20. Provisional Court of Appeals.
21. Provisional Offices of General Government.
22. General Direction of Civil Administration.
23. Offices of Commissary-General of the Treasury (in ruins).
24. Provisional Offices of Commissary - General of Treasury.
25. Accountant's Offices (in ruins).
26. Provisional Tribunal of Accounts.
27. Spanish Bank of the Philippines.
28. Building for Civil Government and City Hall in construction.
29. Provisional Civil Government Building.
30. Treasury.
31. Custom House.
32. " " —provisional.
33. Hospital of San Juan de Dios.
34. Hospice of San Jose.
35. Cigarette Factory of Arroceros.
36. " " of Meisig.
37. Penitentiary and Public Jail.
38. Market de la Quinta (of the county-seat, in ruins).
39. Temporary Market.
40. Road to Caloocan.
41. Observatory.
42. Telegraph Station.
43. Mint.
RELIGIOUS BUILDINGS.
No.
44. Cathedral.
45. Archiepiscopal Palace.
46. Church and Convent of San Augustin.
47. " of San Domingo.
48. " of San Francisco.
49. " of the Recollects.
50. " and College of the Jesuit Fathers.
51. " " of St. Isabel.
52. Pious Retreat of Santa Rosa.
53. Monastery of Santa Clara.
54. Municipal School for Girls.
55. Church and Pious Retreat of Santa Catalina.
56. Church and Seminary of the Jesuits (in ruins).
57. Jesuit Retreat.
58. University.
59. College of San Juan de Letran.
60. " of Medicine.
61. Church and Convent of Malate.
62. " " Ermita.
63. " " Paco.
64. " " Sampaloc.
65. " " San Miguel.
66. " " San Sebastian.
67. " " Quiapo.
68. " " Santa Cruz.
69. " " Binondo.
70. " " Tondo.
71. General Cemetery.
72. Cemetery of the Town of Paco.
73. " Ermita and Malate.
74. " Sampaloc.
75. " Santa Cruz.
76. Hospital of San Lazaro.
77. Tondo Cemetery.
BRADLEY & POATES ENGRS., N.Y.

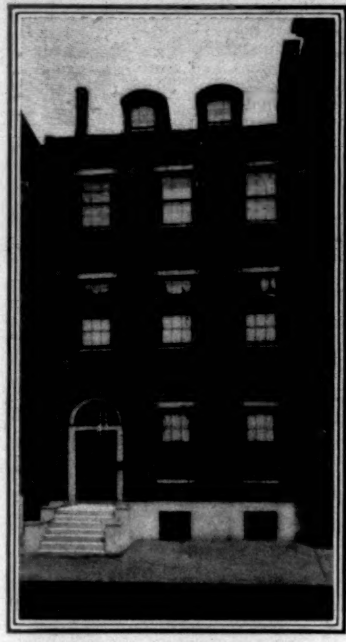
MANILA AND VICINITY—FROM AN ACCURATE AND VERY RARE SPANISH MAP, OBTAINED BY F. D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

AMATEUR SPORT

GOLFING interests in America appear nearer sympathetic and intelligent government than at any time since the organization of the United States Golf Association.

Sportsmen are gratified by the evidence, produced last week at the annual Association meeting, that some of the officials at length realize all golfers in the United States do not reside in the vicinity of New York or Boston.

It seems hitherto to have been the conviction of a majority of the U. S. G. A. officers that those having no residence in these favored localities really had no golfing interests worth considering. Through the contribution of two vice-presidents, Chicago has impressed its identity upon former Executive Committees,—from need of the experienced advice of the vice-presidents, perhaps, rather than from regard for Chicago's golfing desires. Elsewhere clubs and golfers have multiplied and thrived, but not because of any paternal solicitude reaching them from Boston or New York.



PHILADELPHIA RACQUET CLUB HOUSE.

Bearing in mind the habitual attitude of other presidents, the sentiments of the recently elected incumbent, W. B. Thomas, urging fulfilment of the Association's mission in American golf, are therefore as comforting to sportsmen as they are unique among U. S. G. A. official utterances.

Because of this, and the glad tidings it conveys to golfers throughout the country, I give space to pertinent parts of the address Mr. Thomas delivered in the meeting after his election.

> It seems to me that beyond the ordinary duties of the Association, such as the selection of the time and place for the national tournaments, important questions may come before it from time to time as to the wise treatment of the difficult questions arising from various interpretations of existing rules, the tendency to amend them, or the adoption of new ones. To my mind, it is for the best interest of the game not only to interpret the existing rules strictly, but to be slow in making changes by adding new or amending the existing ones—those that stand to-day being the result of so many years of experience. Our relatively brief acquaintance with it, in my opinion, does not warrant us in making radical changes at the present time, and, in any event, they should never be made without great and careful deliberation.
>
> Another matter which may come up for our consideration is that it may be necessary, in view of the increasing interest in the game, to adopt some just and equitable method of limiting the entries of the championship to the best, and only the very best, players in each club represented in the Association. This undoubtedly can, to a considerable extent, be controlled by the individual clubs. A large field, composed partly of players not in the very first ranks, may render the management of the amateur championship difficult on account of its unwieldiness, and may render it less satisfactory as a test of the skill of the best players. This difficulty we have not yet had to any great extent, but it is likely to arise in the immediate future.
>
> Another subject to which I take the liberty of calling your attention, and the control of which is in the hands of the individual clubs, is the growing tendency of giving prizes in amateur tournaments of considerable intrinsic values. I believe that the best interests of the game are promoted by offering prizes of moderate value, and the intrinsic value should never be so great as to be in itself an inducement to any amateur player to enter any competition. On the other hand, in regard to the prizes for professionals in the open championship, there are some considerations which may make it desirable to moderately increase their value.
>
> I take the liberty of also alluding to the fact that the immense increase in the popularity of the game may render the proper control of it difficult by our Association as now constituted, and some time the new conditions may have to be met by a somewhat different basis of organization from our present one. At the moment I cannot suggest any new definite plan, and it may be premature to do so, but perhaps a satisfactory one may be worked out on the line of subordinate associations organized on geographical or State lines, composed of clubs in those sections, each being represented in the national on some just and equitable basis. Under present conditions the natural increase in the number of clubs, and also delegates, may render our annual meetings too large for the best deliberation, and may hamper the best executive work. It may also be that out of some such plan may be evolved one by which the best players only in these associations will enter for the large national events, and we may thereby avoid the overcrowding of the links at such times.
>
> One more subject, and the last, to which I would call your attention, is that, in my opinion, the existing rules in reference to the standing of the professional and amateur in golf should be construed most rigidly, and if new and more severe rules are deemed necessary, they should be unhesitatingly adopted. The position of golf in this country in relation to this question must be a source of pride to every golf-player, and that it should retain its present position should be one of the chief objects of the Association. There is no indication at the present time of any difficulty in connection with this subject, but the retention of the professional in the ranks of the amateur, after he has ceased to be one in spirit and in fact, may take place in golf, and this condition may be reached by insidious and almost imperceptible steps, and in certain instances this condition may even be difficult of demonstration; so that we can only guard against it by constant vigilance, and when necessary act summarily, without temporizing, and without the possibility of misapprehension. The principal safeguard is in the proper attitude of each club towards this question. At the cost of repetition, in order not to be misunderstood, I would say that the preceding remarks in regard to the professional and amateur in golf have no application in the present fortunate and enviable position of the game, and I have touched upon the subject as a possibility of the future, which we must always be prepared to resist.
>
> The views I have expressed are simply those of an individual, and I do not know to what extent you are in sympathy with them. It is far from my purpose to appear didactic, but it seemed to me entirely within the limits of propriety for me to express them to-night. If, however, our views differ, I recognize the fact that your officials, as long as they remain in office, are your representatives, and are to carry out your views as far as they may understand them. Whatever the officers of the Association may do, however, it will be of no avail unless they are strongly supported by all the clubs represented in it, and by every player in those clubs. It is upon the co-operation of the individual golf-player with the Association that the welfare and the best interests of the game in this country rest.

A U. S. G. A. president whose golfing vision is neither astigmatic nor bounded by a few Atlantic coast clubs is indeed welcomed.

ALL who are interested in the American welfare of golf will commend and endorse Mr. Thomas's suggestions. Not only for their sportsmanly sentiment, but for their unflinching grasp on the requirements of the game, and, too, on the needs of the U. S. G. A., if it would be spared the mortification of being superseded by an organization broader in view and direction.

No game we have adopted in recent years has spread with the rapidity of golf; none represents so much capital invested in club grounds and houses; none costs so much to maintain; none has a higher class of devotees. Is it likely indifferent or provincial legislation will satisfy all these interests and this class of players?

There cannot of course be two national associations. If the U. S. G. A., through neglect of its opportunities, encourages the birth of another organization, the latter must become the national body, and the present association degenerate into a mere local league. Let the U. S. G. A. consider well the very moderate statements of Mr. Thomas; they contain a warning, which may be read by the intelligent, against absorption in local matters to the disregard of the larger field. If heed is not taken, we shall see an end, in a couple of years, of American championships decided under U. S. G. A. auspices. None of us desires this, but it is certain to come, if the U. S. G. A. does not shake clear of its pettiness and follow the broader course pointed out by its newly elected president.

MOST important of the suggestions made by President Thomas is that looking to the abandonment of this narrowness. With the present organization, and the ruling ignorance of its officers and committees on golfing interests generally throughout the country, intelligent legislation is hardly to be expected. The increase of clubs, of players, of delegates, gives an unwieldy whole that results most often in confusion and dissatisfaction. Every club in the Association has the right to be represented at the annual meeting, and every member of every such club has the right to enter the championship tournament. Simplest, wisest, of all solutions is in the organization of subordinate associations on geographical lines. Something in that direction has already been accomplished by the organization of the clubs around New York into the Metropolitan Association. Pursuing the idea farther—there should be association of the clubs in the New England States, Middle-Eastern States, Middle-Western, Western, Northwestern, Southeastern, Southwestern, and the Pacific Coast States.

Each of these sectional associations should have its officers, its meetings, and its annual championship tournament. A resident of one section should be ineligible to championship tournaments of another, and only the winners and perhaps the second and third men of these sectional championships should be eligible to the national championships. College players to be eligible to tournaments in the section where they reside, and also to the intercollegiate tournaments. It is well to encourage college golf.

F. F. ROLLAND,
Canadian Racquet Champion.

Under such an arrangement the U. S. G. A. delegates that met annually would really represent the country, rather than a self-opinionated small bit of it, and they would be in position to legislate intelligently and broadly in accordance with the actual necessities of the game.

PRIZES are growing too valuable for the wholesome well-being of golf, despite the statements to the contrary of several club delegates. There is a distinct upward tendency in the matter of prize-valuation, and any one who denies it simply publishes his ignorance or his endorsement. For certainly two years this has been apparent to the most casual follower of club tournaments and match play.

Match play in particular requires severe handling by the U. S. G. A.; the rules are not strict enough in the first place, and in the second a man may just about do as he pleases. So long as he does not interfere with any one's game or rights, or is not too successful, he may play for whatever he and his match-partner agree upon, and nobody will challenge his privilege.

If you ask a U. S. G. A. official how this happens, he will declare the U. S. G. A. no "police board," and refer you to the club for enlightenment. You inquire at the club, and you will be told that it is not the business of club, but of the U. S. G. A., to enforce its rules. Meantime the match-making goes on.

The misunderstanding between the U. S. G. A. and the clubs in this respect is confusing and harmful, but the Association is the more culpable. It has always been vague in the matter of amateur definitions, and timid in enforcing what excellent provisions it has. There were abundant transgressions of U. S. G. A. rules in '98 — and not a man called to account. This jolly-good-fellow manner of governing sport is not satisfying, and it will not answer for golf any longer.

RULES, brief and unequivocal, must be made by the Association, touching value of prizes and match-playing for money, that the clubs may not have the excuse of inadequate instruction. There should be no confusion as to duty in enforcing such rules. It is absurd for the U. S. G. A., in its post-prandial discussions — which just about describes its annual legislative meeting—to excuse itself from unpleasant diligence by deciding it has no control over the clubs. It is an extraordinary constitution which does not give an association control of its members.

The U. S. G. A., of course, has the right to set the value of a prize which may be given in an amateur tournament; to prohibit match-playing for money, or for prizes of greater value than the sum fixed; and it has the power to suspend from tournaments held under its auspices any player who disobeys its rules.

The U. S. G. A. may not fancy the idea of a "police board," but precisely that is needed in every organization governing sport, and none needs it more than the U. S. G. A.

Turning over every matter to the "executive committee" "with power" is lazy but harmful.

S. J. Montgomery. "Father Bill" Curtis, Pres. National Association. Frank P. Good, Champion '87. George D. Phillips, Champion '90, '92, '93, '94, '95, '97. Louis Rubenstein, Champion '88. '89.

W. W. Arnold. Howard R. Ward. A. G. Keane, Champion '98, '99. Irving Brokaw. A. G. Stevens.

CONTESTANTS FOR AMATEUR FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP, 1899.

There should be various committees to see that the clubs do enforce the rules, and to give intelligent instruction when it is sought.

I advise the U. S. G. A. to have a watchful eye on these hotel tournaments. Perhaps some of that "executive committee" have heard of the scandals which resulted a few years ago from hotel baseball with college players as the attraction. If they have not, it will be wise for them to look them up and study cause and effect carefully.

NOTHING was done at the meeting last week, I note, to enlighten us as to the precise meaning intended by "athletic organization" as used in Section 10 of the U. S. G. A. by-laws.

We wait to learn, too, what is meant by "in any capacity connected with the game of golf," as used in the same section.

I disclaim criticism when I write that certainly enlightenment is owing the many friends of golf who are honestly at a loss for the real meaning of this wording.

REFORM is desirable so long as it does not become fanatical; but when loosed from deliberate judgment and urged impulsively, the general harm done is often much more serious to the sport than the amount accomplished for good. To reach a given evil, immature college legislators often propose remedies more menacing than the disease. Fortunately the common-sense at bottom in the average American character usually comes to the rescue before too late.

In my opinion, it would have been a mistake to amend the Inter-collegiate A. A. A.'s constitution so as to forbid Freshmen who had won inter-scholastic honors from competing in the inter-collegiate track athletic championships until they had resided one calendar year at the college represented. It is true that recruiting among the schools is done by some college athletic managers—and they should be expelled and disgraced as rapidly as discovered—but so sweeping a rule was a most offensive imputation on the preparatory schools generally.

There are too many rules. Nothing is lacking in the present letter of the law to keep sport healthful; it is a wholesome spirit at the recruiting colleges that is wanting. This hedging boys about with rules upon rules is sickening to the sportsman's heart, and not at all necessary, I am confident. It is like hanging up a "danger" sign before an exhibit at the bench show—the dog may have the best disposition in the world, but every one views him for a vicious brute and keeps away.

REQUIRING one year's residence as earnest of *bona fides* from a Freshman entering from another college was wise and healthful legislation—but why increase to two years? I cannot see that anything is gained for wholesome sport thereby. On the contrary, I believe it will direct that abhorrent recruiting force toward the schools.

> If a student has represented a college in any inter-collegiate track meeting in which more than three colleges or universities participate and has won a point—a point meaning first, second, or third place—in any event, he shall not be eligible to represent any other college he may hereafter attend in the inter-collegiate meeting until he shall have resided two calendar years at the college or university he represents, and has passed an annual examination or two full years' work. This amendment not to be retroactive, but affecting only those who enter college after the date of the adoption of this amendment.

The best thing done by the delegates to the Inter-collegiate A. A. A. at the annual meeting last Saturday was the appointment of a faculty committee:

> The president of the association, immediately after his election, shall appoint a faculty committee of four, a member being designated from its faculty by each of the four universities or colleges making the highest scores in points at the previous annual field meeting.

If there is one thing more than another the Association has always sorely needed it is a balance-wheel—and a little mature counsel to temper its discussions.

The most distasteful feature of collegiate track athletics —and the one direction in which nearly all past scandals, so far as the Inter-collegiate A. A. A. is concerned, have arisen—was entirely ignored: viz., attendance at club training tables by college athletes.

Has the Inter-collegiate Association nothing to say on the subject of college athletes boarded and lodged, free of expense, by athletic clubs for several weeks at a time in preparation for the club's games?

I should say that such men were making their summer's keep out of their athletic skill, and thereby forfeited their amateur standing.

Mayhap the Inter-collegiate Association has no time for such trifling discrepancies—it is too busy hanging danger signals around the school-boys!

If the supply does not run out, perhaps the rule manufacturers will also take up the kindergartens. No doubt there are some babes in attendance simply waiting for time and opportunity to launch upon iniquitous athletic careers!

JUDGING by the play in the championship doubles tournament, held last week in the courts of the Philadelphia Racquet Club, it will be several years before the average form in doubles equals the average skill in singles. The chief reason for the present marked difference is inferiority of team-play—so essential to good partnership work. In any game this is of course attained only by long practice, and in none is the absence of it more fatal than in racquets, where the play is so fast, and the penalty so heavy for failure of either man to equal the requirements of his position.

And yet, considering it was the first doubles tournament in the American history of the game, the showing last week was by no means poor. In fact, there was some exceedingly brilliant play by the Boston champions, and all of the New York teams were steady and workmanlike, Paton and Mackay especially so.

Philadelphia put forth only one of its two pairs entered, and they showed very fair form against their New York opponents, though revealing comparative inexperience, especially in play around the court. One of Canada's two pairs also withdrew, so the tournament, as in the singles championship the preceding week in New York, resolved itself into a contest between Boston and New York—and again Boston proved the winner.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most interesting struggle of the week was that between the Blakes and Perkins and La Montagne, and on this occasion, at least, New York furnished the winners. The pairs were very evenly matched, and from first to last the playing was close and exciting. Indeed, it provided the only real excitement of the tournament. The Blakes for periods perhaps performed more brilliantly, but the steadier work, and particularly the placing of the New-Yorkers, counted in the long-run, and they won strictly on the merit of their play.

The defeat of Perkins and La Montagne by Shaw and Hunnewell was a foregone conclusion, and while the veteran New York pair was outclassed, it must be said they made a better showing against their younger and more brilliant opponents than had been expected for them.

The surprise of the week may be said to have been the ease with which Shaw and Hunnewell defeated the Canadians Rolland and Gilmour in the semi-finals. Although Gilmour is not so strong a player as McTier, who seemed to be the more suitable partner for Rolland, nevertheless it was thought the real struggle of the week would be between these pairs. Yet the match turned out to be very one-sided. Shaw made the remarkable score of 20 aces on service without losing his hand, and the American pair, in fact, played all around the Canadians.

After the consistently brilliant work Shaw and Hunnewell showed during the tournament, none fancied Paton and Mackay to have a chance for even a game in the finals—and so it resulted. The Boston men are peculiarly fitted by their respective styles to make a strong pair —and they entirely equalled expectations.

The feature of the week was the exhibition match between Shaw and the Boston professional Pettit on one side, and Hunnewell and the New York professional Standing on the other—in short, the best four players in America. It resulted in superb racquets, with Shaw showing the best service, and Standing the most skilful placing. Shaw and his partner won, scoring in six games 75 points to their opponents 69.

APROPOS of the suggestion to introduce racquets at our colleges, I shall be happy to secure plans or furnish any detailed information concerning the construction of courts. Should the idea find favor among university men, this department will, if other central deposit is wanting, open a subscription list for each university, and take charge of such moneys as are forwarded by their respective alumni.

AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP FOR 1899 IN RACQUET DOUBLES, HELD IN COURTS OF PHILADELPHIA RACQUET CLUB, FEBRUARY 21-25.

Q. A. Shaw and H. H. Hunnewell, W. R. Miller and A. D. McTier.	Shaw and Hunnewell, By default.	Shaw and Hunnewell, 15-4, 15-5, 15-5, 15-6.	Shaw and Hunnewell, 15-0, 15-13, 15-10, 15-11.	Shaw and Hunnewell, 15-6, 15-9, 15-6, 15-10.
F. S. Blake and G. B. Blake, C. L. Perkins and E. La Montagne.	Perkins and La Montagne, 10-15, 17-14, 17-14, 17-14, 5-14, 15-11.			
F. Sadlier and W. B. Dinsmore, F. Rolland and D. Gilmour.	Bye.	Rolland and Gilmour, 17-15, 15-5, 15-1, 15-10.		
J. Potter and N. Etting, A. W. Hoyt and D. C. Clark.	Hoyt and Clark, 15-3, 15-6, 15-11, 13-18, 15-12.		Paton and Mackay, 11-15, 15-9, 17-14, 17-14, 15-3.	
M. S. Paton and C. H. Mackay, A. E. Newbold and L. A. Biddle.	Paton and Mackay, By default.			

DOG SHOWS have accustomed us to the gradual improvement making in native breeding, but none has exhibited such practical results as that of the Westminster Kennel Club last week at the Madison Square Garden.

Perhaps this was more evident in the various types of sporting dogs—setters, pointers, retrievers, Irish and fox terriers—than in others.

Ten years ago some of these types, purely bred, were curiosities; now there are clubs devoted solely to their development, and the types we see are of highest quality. Moreover, the native American product has, in a great many cases, turned out to be superior to the English importation.

In other years there have been importations of noted dogs, but this year's new arrivals eclipse, in point of number and quality, the showing of any previous year.

First and foremost of this year's new dogs is G. M. Carnochan's phenomenal wire-haired fox-terrier Go Bang, representing an investment of three thousand dollars, which carried off all honors at the show. Claude Duval, shown by Mr. Raper of England, did equally well in the smooth-coated variety, and finally was sold to Mr. Carnochan for fifteen hundred dollars. John Lorillard Arden, for three thousand dollars brought from England, perhaps the most perfect dog of any breed, Clonmel Marvel, the Airedale terrier; and with Clonmel Veracity and Clonmel Sensation introduced to our countrymen the grandest trio of these terriers to be found in all the world.

J. Pierpont Morgan's new importations, Ormskirk Galopin, Balgreggie Hope, and Beacon Betty, were the centre of an ever-admiring throng of collie-fanciers, and the new blood thus added to his kennels makes them perhaps the most notable in the world. Great Danes were out in large numbers and first quality, while that wonderful mastiff Black Peter carried off the blue ribbon.

Frank J. Gould's exhibit of magnificent St. Bernards took premier honors, while in pointers George Jay Gould showed remarkable specimens.

IN bull-dogs, Joel Rustic went down before Glenwood Queen for the first of either sex in the show, and here again England's first had to be content with a second prize. The French bull-dog classes, with forty-nine entries, formed one of the show's features. In the toy-spaniel and toy-terrier classes the choicest specimens were on exhibition. Like the Airedale terrier, the Pomeranian has come to stay, and one more breed is added to our long list of canine favorites.

From eight hundred entries in 1877, the Westminster Kennel Club's show has enlarged to over two thousand, and with the increase has come the gradual yet lasting education of our people in the various breeds of dogs.

Nowadays only the choicest specimens are sought, and grand specimens fetch very long prices, some reaching even as high as three thousand dollars. As women have become exhibitors of horses, so they have also of high-bred dogs, and it is no longer unusual to see them handling their own dogs in the judging-ring and winning honors. At one time the showing and owning of dogs of high degree was a fad, but that has passed, and in its stead have come proper understanding and a genuine love of them.

ALBION, a Methodist college of Michigan, has recently adopted a new and, to my mind, most wholesome method for the government of its athletics. It certainly contains some features that commend themselves to smaller colleges, East and West.

There has always been a rather confused state of affairs among the smaller collegiate institutions of Michigan as regards athletics since first the various branches of sport attracted attention. At present in Michigan an Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, including all the colleges of importance save the State University, holds an annual field day, and promotes a series of games in football and baseball for the championship of the State—the State University omitted.

This association has devoted itself chiefly to track athletics, and its accomplishments in elevating the tone of sport have been inconsiderable. There is a sort of faculty supervisory board connected with the organization, but it has not been prominent; its grasp of the ethics of amateur sport is obviously uncertain. All but the Michigan Agricultural College and State Normal School are denominational institutions, and there is a strong undercurrent of faculty opposition and lack of sympathy with all forms of college sport.

PARTICULARLY true was this at Albion, and I am the more pleased, therefore, to see its faculty this year begin to realize something of its duty in meeting the question. In brief, the system just introduced by vote of the faculty and the students is one to tax all students three dollars, when they pay their fee each term, to support the athletics of the college.

The money thus raised is to be expended under the supervision of a board of faculty and student representation. Admission fee at games is consequently abolished. Excellent plans both.

The matter of admission fees has not yet played so important a part in the West as it has in the East in connection with the big college games. But it is bound to do so the more the big games at Chicago attract public notice.

It seems to me, as often suggested here, that the path to a rational course in the matter of expenditure in college sport lies through a uniform, lower admission fee than that which now obtains.

The cost of maintaining football and baseball teams is to-day exorbitant, but there will be no lessening of extravagance so long as the athletic treasury is fed by big gate receipts. The average mortal is loath deliberately to throw aside the chance of making a dollar, but I am convinced the health of college sport would be conserved by diminished gate receipts and a moderation of the business atmosphere that envelopes present-day athletics.

DETAILED results in the amateur figure-skating championship for '99, recently decided in New York:

Plain Forward and Backward Skating in Various Ways—Irving Brokaw, St. Nicholas Skating Club, 5 points; Arthur G. Keane, New York A. C., 4 points; Howard R. Ward, St. Nicholas Skating Club, 3 points; A. G. Stevens, St. John, New Brunswick, 2 points; W. W. Arnold, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, 1 point.

Outside Edge Roll, Forward—Keane, 5; Brokaw, 5; Ward, 3; Stevens, 2; Arnold, 1. Backward—Ward, 5; Keane, 4; Brokaw, 4; Stevens, 2; Arnold, 0.

Inside Edge Roll, Forward—Brokaw, 5; Keane, 4; Ward, 3; Stevens, 2; Arnold, 1. Backward—Keane, 5; Brokaw, 4; Ward, 3; Stevens, 2; Arnold 1.

Figure Eight on One Foot, Forward—Keane, 5; Brokaw, 4; Ward, 3; Stevens, 2; Arnold, 1. Backward—Keane, 4; Brokaw, 3; Ward, 2; Arnold, 1.

Cross Roll—Forward, in field and eights, single and double circles—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 3; Ward, 2. Backward—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 3; Ward, 1.

Change of Edge Roll, Forward—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 1. Backward—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 3; Ward, 2.

Spread-Eagle on Inside and Outside Edges—Brokaw, 3; Keane, 2; Ward, 2.

Curved Angles: threes, single, double, chain, and flying, beginning on inside or outside edge—Keane, 3; Ward, 2; Brokaw, 1. Rocking turns, forward and backward—Ward, 3; Keane, 2; Brokaw, 1. Cross-cuts or anvils—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 1.

Grape-vines, Philadelphia Twist—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 2.

Toe and Heel Movements—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 1.

Single and Double Flat-foot Spins, Cross-foot and Two-foot Whirls—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 1.

Total scores, Keane 62, Brokaw 53, Ward 39.

GYMNASTIC competitions have, up till now, been matters of dual arrangement solely, and Princeton and Yale have long excelled in this character of work by annual exhibitions that are exceedingly entertaining, not to say instructive. But this winter an inter-collegiate meet is to be inaugurated under the auspices of the New York University, in its gymnasium, March 24.

Apart from first, second, and third places being given in six events—rings, horizontal and parallel bars, tumbling, club-swinging, and the horse—an all-round championship cup will also be presented the contestant making the largest aggregate score. We may tolerate the word champion in this kind of contest, or where the question is one of individual superiority.

The more the athletic work of the undergraduate is diversified, the better for his development and sporting equilibrium. On that account, as well as for the suggested benefit to gymnastics, which have their excellent place, the meeting should be generously supported.

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